EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company
Washington Union Coal Company

Union Pacific Coal Company Concert Band of Cumberland, Wyoming—with Band Master Bovero, Vice President George Pryde, and Major Griffiths

OLD TIMERS NUMBER

JULY, 1925

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VOLUME 2 JULY, 1925 NUMBER 7

Independence Day

THE glorious old day, July 4th, is with us again. The Old Timers will recall how a "bunch of crackers," costing ten cents, was frequently in days gone by the extent of their individual celebration. How we used to feed them out one at a time to "make 'em last," devoutly believing that the half dozen green ones in the bunch had special, loud noise-making qualities. The contrast between the old time celebrations, with a prayer by the parson, the reading of the Declaration of Independence by the town lawyer, and a few words by some "leading citizen" and the more elaborate and expensive celebrations today, when millions of automobiles make up the line, is a striking one. Our very simple review of war verse, contained in this issue, will doubtless recall to the minds of many what the flag stands for. Let us all uncover as the colors pass and may no one of our readers cheapen the flag by dragging it about over their automobiles; instead let us keep it in high place.

Our Old Timers' Association

THE 13th of June, 1925, was a day long to be remembered. Elsewhere in this issue the Old Timers' meeting has been well covered, but we wish to touch on a few high spots. Commencing the day before, the "boys" of the "Sixties, Seventies, Eighties, Nineties and the first five years of the present century," came romping into Rock Springs. With them were the girls of the same periods, together with their children, grand children and just a few great-grand children. Jimmy Moon, with three generations in his wake, stood for a photograph, four moons, all reflecting the bright sunlight of the day in their faces. Men who had worked together as reckless, carefree young scamps, forty years ago, compared notes, and wives met the old and kindly remembered friends and neighbors of times gone by. There was at times just a trace of sadness expressed for the youth that had passed, but that all slipped away quickly under the alchemy of handclasps and cheery greetings.

Perhaps the case of the "Old Timer," long out of the service, who through an oversight, was not included in the invitation list and who waited until late in the night for a badge, to be sent home as happy as old age and sickness would permit, the proud possessor of a badge and button taken off his own lapel by "Geordie Pryde" was the outstanding example of what the Association meant to the Old Timers. And then the music of the Cumberland Band, whether marching at the head of the gallant column of old boys led by the redoubtable Major Griffiths, late of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards, crashing out a stirring March, or keeping the great audience spellbound with the soulful sob of the saxophone, the silver notes of the cornet, or the beautiful specialty of the two boy members, youths of nine, the effect was the same, electrifying. When a leader like Bovero can pick and train nearly sixty musicians out of a village employing less than three hundred, he can well be said to be in a class alone.

"To band together in good fellowship all Senior Employes, thereby renewing and thereafter maintaining the associations and friendships of earlier days."

That is what they met on June 13, 1925, for, and here's hoping they are all in line again next year.

A Word on Critics

SOME months ago our very conservative Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon, pointed out that lowering the rate of surtax paid by men with large incomes would increase the amount of taxes rich men would pay. He argued that rather than pay a high surtax wealthy people preferred to buy tax-free securities, millions of which are being put on the market by city, county and state governments. That Mr. Mellon's plan had public opinion behind it was proved by an extensive poll then taken, which showed three to one in its favor. However, Senator Couzens of Michigan, who made a fortune in the manufacture and sale of automobiles, attacked Mr. Mellon's plan vio-

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Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to EDITOR, EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE, UNION PACIFIC COAL CO., ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING.

JESSIE McDIARMID, Editor.

lently, even going so far as to charge President Coolidge and Mr. Mellon with the betrayal of the American people.

Genuine criticism is one of the most constructive forces that can be employed, but unfortunately too many critics try to make of criticism either a torment for those whom they do not like, or otherwise attempt to thereby raise themselves up by trampling on the person criticised. A few weeks ago Senator Couzens turned about face and is now publicly advocating what he represented was a crime when such was advanced by Mr. Mellon.

The question of income taxes is not a serious problem to the most of us, but all critics do not deal with taxation, some deal with even more vital matters, and therein lies the necessity for every critic, whatsoever his position may be, making the solemn resolution when he starts on his special career to be honest and truthful, and to recommend the things that will build up and help his fellowman rather than to injure him. Congreve, over two hundred years ago, said:

"There are some Critics so with Spleen diseased,
They scarcely come inclining to be pleased;
And sure he must have more than mortal Skill,
Who pleases one against his will."

Some years ago Mark Twain, of much loved memory, tried to explain why dogs had fleas; Mark said, "They were put there to make him forget that he was a dog." A real out-in-out critic should try to be more than a flea.

West Kentucky Coal Company Explosion

AT 8:10 A. M., June 8th, Mine Number Nine of the West Kentucky Coal Company, located near Sturgis, Kentucky, suffered a gas explosion costing the lives of seventeen men, sixteen of whom left dependent families. Investigation develops that a miner had just drilled a hole and while engaged in sharpening his drill another miner entered the room, igniting gas which had either accumulated during the night or was liberated by the drilling of the hole finished a few moments before.

Reports received indicate:

(a) that the mine was examined by accredited examiners before the regular day shift entered the mine;

(b) that the face was but thirty feet beyond the last break-through;

(c) that a miner entering this particular room with an open light (carbide) ignited the gas that had accumulated,

(d) that the mine was well rock dusted and as a result the explosion zone was of very limited area, men escaping without accident, no disarrangement of the ventilation equipment taking place.

The writer was at one time connected with this property and has intimate knowledge of the high character and efficiency of the men who are responsible for the conduct of the property. They felt confident of the safety of their men, and yet an accident occurred. That the mine was well rock dusted without doubt saved the lives of the one hundred and thirty men who came out unharmed.

During the year 1924, gas and dust explosions snuffed out the lives of 536 men and **seventy per cent of the ignitions occurred in open light mines.** Approximately one-half of last years tonnage was mined in closed light mines. The answer is most obvious; the open light, the pipe, the cigarette and the match must be kept above ground.

Ventilation

THE Union Pacific Coal Company's officials have stressed ventilation as of the utmost importance in mine safety. As the July Magazine goes to press we are—

At Mine No. Eight, Rock Springs—Installing a large Jerffrey fan over a new air shaft just completed;

At Mine No. Three, Winton—Sinking an air shaft 200 feet deep, the present fan to be located over this shaft;

At "B" Mine, Superior—Sinking a new air shaft 175 feet deep, over which a new fan just purchased will be installed;

At "C" Mine, Superior—Engineers making location for a new air shaft 300 to 400 feet deep, over which a fan now on order will be installed.

This construction work will be complete before the fall season opens and expresses the attitude of the Company toward the thorough ventilation of its mines. Wyoming has certain conditions that affect ventilation not common to other coal fields, including low barometric pressure, constant winds and slope openings that are affected by wind.

The Forthcoming Contest

ELSEWHERE in this issue of the Magazine will be found detailed information relative to the National First Aid and Mine Rescue contest to be held in Springfield, Illinois, September 10th, 11th, and 12th, next. The Union Pacific Coal Company will arrange, through competitive selection, to send a representative team to the Springfield Meet to be held in the old home town of President Lincoln.

The splendid interest taken in First Aid and Mine Rescue work by the employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company will be materially increased by the prospect of winning a place with the fortunate team, a trip to Chicago after the conclusion of the Meet an added attraction.

Engineers' Department

Mine Arithmetic

(This is the third article on Mine Arithmetic. Additional lessons will appear in subsequent issues.)

Decimal Fractions

A decimal fraction is a fraction, whose divisions are in tenths, or multiples of ten, such as tenths, hundredths, thousandths, etc. Instead of having a line drawn between the numerator and denominator as in common fractions the decimal point (.) is used. The numerator of a decimal fraction is the number that follows the decimal point, and the denominator is the figure 1, followed by as many ciphers as there are places in the the decimal.

Thus .23 is a decimal fraction, and would read 23 hundredths or in common fractions would be indicated as $\frac{23}{100}$ In the same way .023 would read 23 thousandths or $\frac{23}{1000}$ It will be seen at a glance that decimal fractions simplify the operation of fractions. If figures are written to the left of the decimal point as well as the right of it, it becomes a mixed number (fraction and whole number combined) thus: 1.3, 17.25 would read one and three tenths and 17 and 25 hundredths respectively.

Sometimes decimals are written with a cipher to the left of the decimal point as 0.50; the prefixed cipher does not change the value of the fraction, and only indicates that there is no whole number. Annexing or removing ciphers from the right of a decimal does not change its value. Thus .50 has the same value as .5 or .500.

Addition of Decimal Fractions

In addition of decimal fractions, the numbers to be added are so arranged that the decimal points will be directly under one another. Add as in whole numbers, placing the decimal point of the sum, directly underneath the decimal point of the above.

Example:

```
  .14
 3.268
  .004
12.6142
-------
16.0262
```

Subtraction of Decimal Fractions

Place the two numbers to be subtracted, so that the decimal point in both numbers are directly under each other, placing the decimal point in the remainder directly under the decimal point of the two numbers.

Example:

```
225.26
118.819
-------
106.441
```

Multiplication of Decimal Fractions

Proceed as in ordinary multiplication. In the product point off as many decimal places as there are decimal places in the multiplier and multiplicand combined, beginning at the right and prefixing ciphers if necessary.

Example:

```
 1.28          .0295
   .4          .014
-----         -----
 .512          1180
               295
              -----
              .0004130
```

Division of Decimal Fractions

Proceed as in ordinary division, pointing off as many decimal places in the quotient, as the number of decimal places in the dividend, exceed those in the divisor, prefixing ciphers to the quotient if necessary. Before dividing, if necessary, annex ciphers to the decimal point of the dividend, so that the number of decimal places in the dividend equals or is greater than the number of decimal places in the divisor.

Example:

```
.25 ).75 ( 3        625 ) 18.75 (.03
```

Divide 375 by .25 equals .25) 375.00 (1500.

If in dividing one decimal by another there is a remainder, the remainder can be placed as the numerator of a fraction as in common fractions; usually however, ciphers are added to the remainder and the division continued until the desired number of decimal places in the quotient is obtained, adding a (+) to the quotient to show that the division can be carried farther.

Example:

$$213 \div 5.2 = 5.2\overline{)213.0}\,(40\tfrac{50}{52} = 40\tfrac{25}{26}$$

or

```
5.2)213.0(40.96+
  208
  ---
   500
   468
   ---
    320
    312
    ---
```

Reducing Fractions to Decimals

To reduce a common fraction to a decimal fraction, place a decimal point after the numerator, annex ciphers to the right of the point and divide by the denominator. Point off as many decimal places in the quotient as there are ciphers annexed to the numerator.

Example:

```
⅛=8)1.000(.125=.125
1/64=64)1.000000(.015625=.015625
```

Reducing Decimals to Fraction

Place under the figures of the decimal the figure (1) with as many ciphers annexed, as there are decimal places in the decimal; then reduce as in common fractions.

Example:

$$.375 = \frac{375}{1000} = \frac{75}{200} = \frac{15}{40} = \frac{3}{8}$$

$$.0625 = \frac{625}{10000} = \frac{125}{2000} = \frac{5}{80} = \frac{1}{16}$$

Mine Tracks and Turnouts

By Jas. L. Libby

The third and final installment of the article on mine tracks and turnouts by Mr. Libby appears below.

Medium Radius Curves for Cars, Motors, Etc.

Nearly all mine equipment has fixed axles and is prevented from assuming a radial position on the curves, therefore the front wheel presses against the outside rail and the rear wheel against the inside rail on sharp curves, and as the motor usually has the longest wheel base it determines the maximum radius curve which can advantageously be used on entries. The method of determining this minimum radius and the factors entering in is shown on the following drawing at the bottom of this page.

Rule for minimum radius is:

For motor radius in feet equals the wheel base in inches divided by two. For pit cars the radius in feet equals the wheel base divided by three.

The gauge of the track should be widened on all curves in order to decrease the friction of the flanges against the rails, and a track gauge should be provided, similar to that used on railroads, that will automatically take care of the increased width for small radius curves. Curves of small radius ars dangerous, inasmuch as they permit locking of bumpers with consequent derailment of cars, but nothing is gained by exceedingly flat curves, provided the curve has sufficient radius to prevent the troubles mentioned and afford easy movement of cars.

Turnouts

A turnout is a curve track by means of which a car may leave one track for another; the essential parts of which are the switch, frog and guard rails. The switch is the device which causes the car to turn away from the track on which it has been running, and in order to complete this movement it is necessary to cross the rails on the main track, provision must be made for the flange to cross, which device is called a frog. As the wheels pass through the frog there is danger that they might be turned to the wrong side of the frog, which is prevented by a device set opposite the frog, known as a guard rail. Stub switches are seldom used, whereas split switches with switch points are very generally used.

Cast, crotch and plate frogs are in general use, with cast frogs principally used for room turnouts. Frogs made by mine blacksmiths are usually made without plates, but plates are necessary on high speed hauling in order to keep the track in alignment and gauge. The manufactured frog is cheaper in the long run, as it enjoys a longer life and is less apt to give trouble.

Through lack of understanding, the important relationship of one part of a turnout to other parts, the frog is sometimes located at the most convenient rail joint, thus changing the lead and the resulting irregularity in the curve does much to nullify all preceding efforts to acquire a smooth transition. All turnouts should be standardized and the different parts would then be interchangeable. Split switches should have standard bar and plate equipment.

Switches 6′ and under should have one bar and 4 plates.

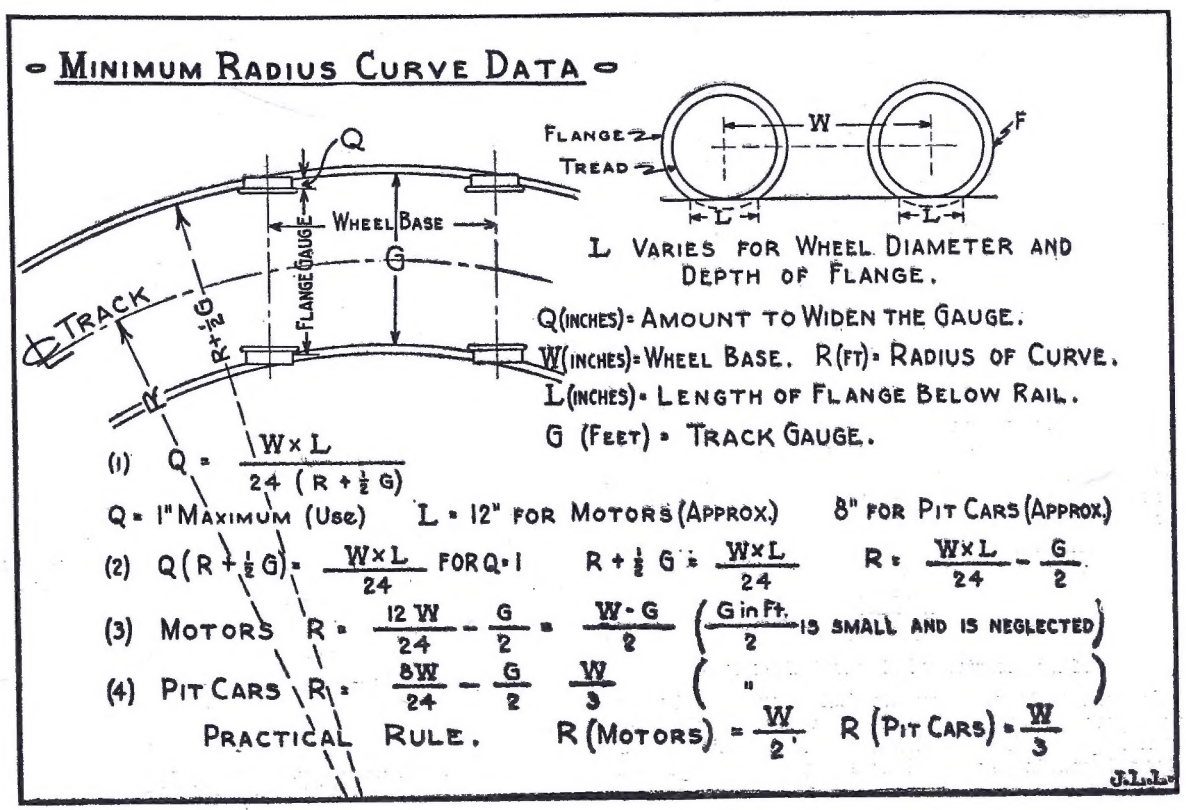
Switches 7′6″ should have two bars and 6 plates.

Switches 10′ should have three bars and 8 plates.

Switches should have a standardized throw with parallel throw switch stands. Frog and switch points can be standardized with the number of standards reduced to four, at most, and possibly three as follows:

Frog Nos. 1¾ or 2 with 3 or 4 foot points for rooms.

Frog Nos. 3 or 4 with 6 and 8 foot points for motor roads.


MINIMUM RADIUS CURVE DATA
Q
WHEEL BASE
G
FLANGE GAUGE
TRACK
R+½G
FLANGE
TREAD
W
F
L
L VARIES FOR WHEEL DIAMETER AND DEPTH OF FLANGE.
Q(INCHES)= AMOUNT TO WIDEN THE GAUGE.
W(INCHES)=WHEEL BASE. R(FT)= RADIUS OF CURVE.
L(INCHES)= LENGTH OF FLANGE BELOW RAIL.
G (FEET) = TRACK GAUGE.
(1) Q = W×L / 24 (R + ½ G)
Q = 1" MAXIMUM (USE) L = 12" FOR MOTORS (APPROX) 8" FOR PIT CARS (APPROX.)
(2) Q(R + ½ G) = W×L / 24 FOR Q=1 R + ½ G = W×L / 24 R = W×L / 24 − G / 2
(3) MOTORS R = 12 W / 24 − G / 2 = W − G / 2 (G in Ft. / 2 IS SMALL AND IS NEGLECTED)
(4) PIT CARS R = 8W / 24 − G / 2 W / 3 (")
PRACTICAL RULE. R (MOTORS) = W / 2 R (PIT CARS) = W / 3
J.L.L.

Frog Nos. 4 or 6 with 6 and 10 foot points for empty and loaded track parting on main slopes.

Slope turnouts can be laid out to work satisfactorily with No. 4 and No. 3 frogs, or two No. 4 frogs. No. 4 frogs laid on the main slope can be given a long lead by using a 10 foot point rail and will then have practically all the advantages of the No. 6 frog, as the switch angle is the same for both.

Relationship of the Parts of a Turnout (See drawing on turnout data.)

The length of switch point in feet should equal twice the number of the frog as follows:

No. 2 frog should have a 4 ft. point.
No. 4 frog should have an 8 ft. point.

Approximate rule for obtaining length of lead. For 30" gauge take 3.1 times N plus S equals length in feet, where N equals number of frog and S equals length of switch points in feet.

For 36" gauge use 4 times N plus S.
For 42" gauge use 4.8 times N plus S.

Frog Number (See drawing on frog data.)

The frog number is the length from the theoretical point divided by the gauge spread at the heel. This length is measured from the theoretical point to a point at the center of spread where spread is measured. The actual point is always blunt, and is approximately ¼ inch thick, hence the gauge lines will intersect at a point in front of the actual point. This point is shown as the theoretical point, and for a No. 2 frog the theoretical point is twice the width of the actual point and in front of same, or 2 x ¼" equals ½".

Practical Way to Lay Out Perfect Turnout (See drawing on turnout data.)

The frog is laid in place, then the lead is figured by rule previously stated and the switch point laid at this point. The point of intersection of the gauge line of the frog and the gauge line of the switch point is marked, and the distance from the heel of the switch and the toe of the frog to this intersection is measured. Then if necessary the switch points are moved slightly and the process repeated till the distance from the heel of the switch point to the point of intersection is equal to the distance of the point of intersection to the toe of the frog. This position gives a curve with the maximum radius, and therefore a perfect switch for the given frog and switch points.

The proper curve for the curved filler rails can be determined as follows:

A cord is stretched from the gauge line at the heel of the switch point and the toe of the frog. The gauge of the track at the center is half way between the cord and point of intersection, that is the distance from the cord is ½ the distance, and at each of the quarter points is ⅜ the perpendicular distance from the cord to the point of intersection.

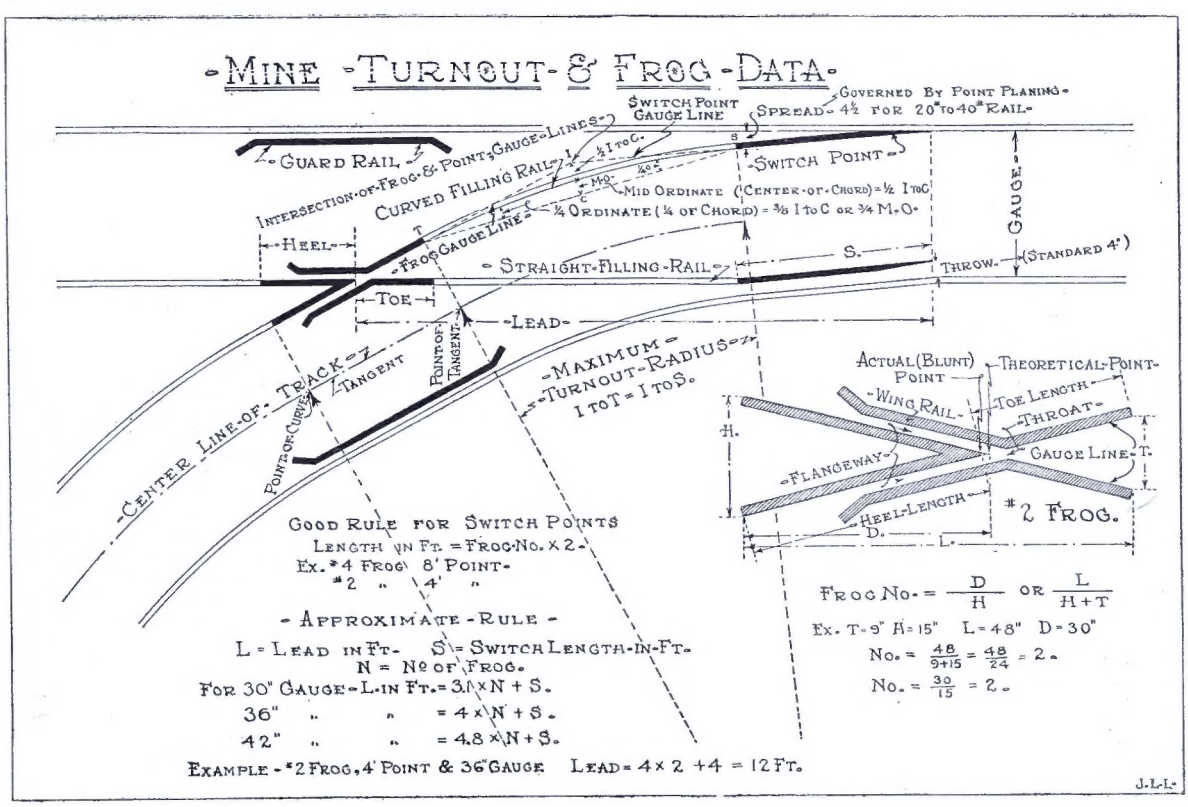
With the frog, curve rail and switch in place the rest will follow by laying the track to the proper gauge, being sure to put the bend in the rail in front of the actual point, as the switch has a blunt point of from ⅛" to ¼", hence the bend in the track will be slightly in front of the point to take care of this and make the gauge line of the track and switch line up.

The gauge of the track at the switch should not be widened, even though it is located on a curve. A turnout on a curve has been found to be a poor practice, and the alignment should be changed if possible to give a short piece of tangent of standard gauge for the turnout.

Partings, Run Arounds and Passing Tracks

Suitable, ample and favorably located partings with gravity grades should be supplied for the storage of empties, and the making up of the loaded trips. These partings on main haulage roads should be provided with a run around to avoid delay to the motor.

Ample passing tracks should be provided along the motor haulage, located to suit a carefully planned system of operation.


MINE TURNOUT & FROG DATA
SWITCH POINT GAUGE LINE
GOVERNED BY POINT PLANING
SPREAD 4½ FOR 20" TO 40" RAIL
GUARD RAIL
INTERSECTION OF FROG & POINT GAUGE LINES
CURVED FILLING RAIL
½ I TO C.
SWITCH POINT
MID ORDINATE (CENTER OF CHORD) = ½ I TO C
¼ ORDINATE (¼ OF CHORD) = ⅜ I TO C OR ¾ M.O.
GAUGE
HEEL
FROG GAUGE LINE
STRAIGHT FILLING RAIL
S.
THROW
(STANDARD 4")
TOE
LEAD
CENTER LINE OF TRACK
TANGENT
POINT OF TANGENT
POINT OF CURVE
MAXIMUM TURNOUT RADIUS
I TO T = I TO S.
ACTUAL (BLUNT) POINT
THEORETICAL POINT
WING RAIL
TOE LENGTH
THROAT
H.
FLANGEWAY
GAUGE LINE
T.
HEEL LENGTH
#2 FROG.
D.
L.
GOOD RULE FOR SWITCH POINTS
LENGTH IN FT. = FROG NO. X 2
EX. #4 FROG 8' POINT
#2 " 4' "
APPROXIMATE RULE
L = LEAD IN FT. S = SWITCH LENGTH IN FT.
N = Nº OF FROG.
FOR 30" GAUGE L IN FT. = 3.1 X N + S.
36" " " = 4 X N + S.
42" " " = 4.8 X N + S.
EXAMPLE #2 FROG, 4' POINT & 36" GAUGE LEAD = 4 X 2 + 4 = 12 FT.
FROG NO. = D/H OR L/H+T
EX. T = 9" H = 15" L = 48" D = 30"
NO. = 48/9+15 = 48/24 = 2.
NO. = 30/15 = 2.
J.L.L.

Verses Inspired By The Great War

A Fragmentary Resume of Verses that Should not be Forgotten.

By Eugene McAuliffe

ON May 30th, last, the writer stood in a window fronting Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, watching the Decoration Day parade pass by. Some ninety odd veterans of the Civil War, now gone sixty years, marched on foot to the roll of the drum and under the shimmering flags, others too infirm to march riding behind. Then came the veterans of the Spanish American War, they too graying fast, that short struggle now twenty-seven years behind us. Following came the men of the Great War, and our thoughts went back to July, 1914, when—

> "Suddenly above the cries in the street, above the domestic brawls, sounded the clear challenge of Germany overseas. With no uncertain sound the hammer of Thor beat upon the gates of empire."

and "lest we forget" it is well to keep deep in our hearts and souls the inspiration that has sent men and women out to suffer and die, conduct which will be repeated while the race lives. The verse that is born of the high courage, the pity and the pathos of war, will help us to do this.

The British Army contains many crack regiments, foot and horse. They have all swung through Picadilly, Leicester Square and Hyde Park in their several days. Their dress uniforms in years past were among the richest and gayest ever worn, each button, strap, sash and chevron bearing witness to and memorializing some special service performed under difficult conditions in some remote portion of the world. For nearly three hundred years the people of England have escaped war on their own soil, but her soldiers have fought in every land and clime. There is no soil that does not cover the grave of the British soldier; the valley of the Danube, the plains of Belgium, in the Crimea, where Russia creeps down to the Black Sea; in the mountain passes of Spain and among the vineyards of sunny France. Crecy and Agincourt are words to conjure with in England today, though they were fought in 1346 and 1415. The British soldier has fought and died in India and China, on the plains of Quebec, along our beautiful Hudson, in Australia and New Zealand, in the heart of the African jungle; wherever the sun has shown there sleeps the British "Redcoat," English, Irish, Scotch and Welch—Saxon and Celt.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the English novelist and the creator of Sherlock Holmes, after reading how the "Twenty-first" were relieved by the Coldstream Guards, originally recruited in the days of Charles II along the frontier of Scotland, and the Grenadier Guards, only a few years younger, wrote, *The Guards Came Through* a war poem which, when cabled to our New York press, electrified the whole American people:

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

Men of the Twenty-first
Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—
God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!
Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our rear,
Always the whine of the shell,
Always the roar of its burst,
Always the tortures of hell,
As waiting and wincing we cursed
Our luck and the guns and the Boche,
When our Corporal shouted, "Stand to!"
And I heard some one cry, "Clear the front
for the Guards!"
And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,
But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
Irish and Welsh and Scot,
Coldstream and Grenadiers.
Two brigades, if you please,
Dressing as straight as a hem,
We—we were down on our knees,
Praying for us and for them!
Lord, I could speak for a week,
But how could you understand!
How should your cheeks be wet,
Such feelin's don't come to you.
But when can me or my mates forget,
When the Guards came through?

"Five yards left extend!"
It passed from rank to rank.
Line after line with never a bend,
And a touch of the London swank,
A trifle of swank and dash,
Cool as a home parade,
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
Flinching never a shade,

With the shrapnel right in their face
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front!

Man, it was great to see!
Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
How the Guards came through.

After Great Britain, unprepared and with but a fragment of an army, threw down the gage of battle, one of our great dailies published a cartoon which, widely copied, is well expressed in *Called Back*, an anonymous poem then published in the "London Chronicle." This cartoon showed the British Lion standing aged but defiant on the Chalk Cliffs of Albion crying across the seas to her cubs:

"So when it struck, the fateful hour, and Britain called her sons,
To stand to arms and hold the gate against the crashing guns,
They heard the call across the world; by rail and ship they came,
To fight and die for their fathers' flag, and the pride of the English name.

From bungalow and cutchery, from port and dock they sped,
From cattle-ranch and station, from mine and engine-shed;
From all the Continents they flocked, a mixed and various crew,
Sized up together on parade, and shared the ration stew;
And Tompkins Sahib of Bangalore met Senor Jones of Rio,
And both were taught their drill by Sergeant Johnson from Ohio."

A story is told of three young Canadian ranchers, one a millionaire, the other two quite poor, who were "called back" by the Old Lion. Post-haste they rushed to Montreal, there taking the first steamer for Liverpool, from whence they journeyed to London, reporting to the Major Domo of a fashionable hotel where a suite of rooms had been reserved in advance by cable. Their wide hats, sun-browned faces and easy ways upset the "booking clerk" who, afraid to flout them too abruptly, kept putting off their assignment. Driven to bay at last this doughty individual remarked, "Isn't it rawther extraordinary for three strange persons, Ah! to awsk for so expensive a suite, Ah?" The reply, delivered by the least pretentious looking one of the three, was unanswerable; "Hell, this is an extraordinary war, isn't it?" and they were shown up.

The legion of American women who learned to knit during the war (an art again thrown into the discard) and who then made thousands and thousands of sweaters, wristlets and socks, will be remembered when Elmina Atkinson's *Gray Gauntlet* is recalled.

GRAY GAUNTLET

Gray Gauntlet, you of the wristlets wrought
Of home-spun soft and gray,
Do you hear the flashing needles click
Three thousand miles away?
Oh, it's purl and plain,
And a toss of the arm,
For freeing the endless thread:
And mystic whisp'rings with each stitch
Too sacred to e'er be said.

Gray Gauntlet, you of the sword must go,
We of the spindle stay:
And our needles speed that our lads may march
Mail-coated in woolen gray.
Oh, it's slip and bind,
And seam and count,
And turn the heels with care:
No craven fears in the meshes hide
But only a murmured prayer.

In the early gray, drear days of the war period, the time when sober, staid men were making up their minds, the school boys, the dancing, card-playing ne'er-do-wells of England, looking upon the call as "a gay adventure" went out to die like "flies under a killing frost." That was when line officers were in demand, a Lieutenant lasting less than ten days. Out of her schools and colleges the best blood of England streamed to mingle with what was then looked upon as her worst. Under the gruelling task of war the men from Oxford and Cambridge came to know the little "East Sider," finding quickly that even though he could not live like a gentleman he could die like one. *The Spires of Oxford*, by Winifred M. Letts, well expresses the spirit that animated the "First One Hundred Thousand."

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(Seen from the Train)

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.
They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

When Rupert Brooke died in the Aegean, April 23, 1915, England in this youth of twenty-eight lost a singer whose song rivalled the song of the English Skylark, so clear and lilting sweet it was. Born at Rugby, England, August 3, 1887, Fellow of Kings College, Cambridge, Brooke entered his country's naval service in September, 1914. His war service was that of the watching class, such as our Navy endured in the chill northern seas off the German coast. Rupert Brooke physically and temperamentally was described as of the Gods, "fair to see and winning in his ways." His friends spoke of him as "vivid," his poems referred to as "a catalogue of vital sensations and dear names." Mr. Wilfrid Gibson in a short poem, "The Going," said of Rupert Brooke:

"He's gone
I do not understand.
I only know
That, as he turned to go
And waved his hand.
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow—
And he was gone."

From his series of sequence-sonnets, captioned "1914," the world will read and reread two—*The Dead* and *The Soldier*. Less noble poetry has lived for ages in the hearts of men.

THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movment, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Germany made many fatal psychological mistakes, of which the death of the English nurse, Edith Cavell, was not the least. Charged with assisting Belgian soldiers to escape, she was sentenced to death by rifle fire, this after the whole civilized world, men, women and clergy of all races, creeds and tongues, had begged for her life. A casual singer, Laurence Binyon, tells the story well.

EDITH CAVELL

She was binding the wounds of her enemies when they came—
The lint in her hand unrolled.
They battered the door with their rifle-butts, crashed it in:
She faced them gentle and bold.

They haled her before the judges where they sat
In their places, helmet on head.
With question and menace the judges assailed her,
"Yes,
I have broken your law," she said.

"I have tended the hurt and hidden the hunted, have done
As a sister does to a brother,
Because of a law that is greater than that you have made,
Because I could do none other.

"Deal as you will with me. This is my choice to the end,
To live in the life I vowed."
"She is self-confessed," they cried; "she is self-condemned.
She shall die, that the rest may be cowed."

In the terrible hour of the dawn, when the veins are cold,
They led her forth to the wall,
"I have loved my land," she said, "but it is not enough;
Love requires of me all.

"I will empty my heart of the bitterness, hating none."
And sweetness filled her brave
With a vision of understanding beyond the hour
That knelled to the waiting grave.

* * * * *

The hurts she healed, the thousands comforted—these
Make a fragrance of her fame.
But because she stept to her star right on through death
It is Victory speaks her name.

Edith Cavell's memory stands as a benison for all time, proclaiming the valorous spirit that actuated that glorious legion of women who went with the Army to bind up and comfort the youth of England, France, Belgium, America and the other allied hosts.

Another non-combatant section of the Allied Arms was that composing the "Chaplains of the Army." Wearing the insignia of the Great Commander, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, they held a glorious post in the welter of carnage that made of France and Belgium a veritable shambles. Winifred M. Letts sings well the praise that is due "The Padre," as he was called, regardless of his particular religion, in her *Chaplain to the Forces.*

CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES

Ambassador of Christ you go
Up to the very gates of Hell,
Through fog of powder, storm of shell,
To speak your Master's message: "Lo,
The Prince of Peace is with you still,
His peace be with you, his goodwill."

It is not small, your priesthood's price,
To be a man and yet stand by,
To hold your life whilst others die,
To bless, not share the sacrifice,
To watch the strife and take no part—
You with the fire at your heart.

But yours, for our great Captain Christ
To know the sweat of agony,
The darkness of Gethsemane,
In anguish for these souls unpriced.
Vicegerent of God's pity you,
A sword must pierce your own soul through.

In the pale gleam of new-born day
Apart in some tree-shadowed place,
Your altar but a packing case,
Rude as the shed where Mary lay,
Your sanctuary the rain-drenched sod,
You bring the kneeling soldier God.

As sentinel you guard the gate
'Twixt life and death, and unto death
Speed the brave soul whose failing breath
Shudders not at the grip of Fate,
But answers, gallant to the end,
"Christ is the Word—and I His friend."

Then God go with you, priest of God,
For all is well and shall be well,
What though you tread the roads of Hell,
Your Captain these same ways has trod.
Above the anguish and the loss
Still floats the ensign of His Cross.

Hallowe'en, October 31st, is celebrated in the Old French Quarter of New Orleans by fantastically comparisoned masqueraders, who drift about the streets singing and throwing confetti. Coming from the Old French Theatre after eleven o'clock Hallowe'en Night, 1916, five months before our entrance into the Great War, the writer, together with a friend, paused on a street corner to watch the fun-loving procession go by. Suddenly there arose above the tumult of sound a clear voice singing *The Marseillaise*, the song of the French Revolution and the anthem of the French people. The night was clear, starry and still, and as this one man's voice rose and fell with the words—

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrive!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
Letendard sanglant est leve.
Letendard sanglant est leve!
Entendezvous dans nos campagnes
Mugir ces fero ces soldats?

Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
Egorger vos fils, vos campagnes.
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons!
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!"

the erstwhile merry throng stood uncovered and hushed by the immortal words which Joseph Roguet de Lisle, a young officer of the French Engineer Corps, wrote with the view of supplanting the vulgar songs sung by the Revolutionists in 1792. When the last word died away the crowd rushed to the side of the singer, who proved to be a young Irishman, a Soldier of Fortune, then wearing the uniform of a Captain in the British Quartermaster Service. Nearly nine years have passed since that night, but the inspiring strains of the "Chant de Guerre" of France yet lives, fresh and clear in my memory. I have forgotten the Captain's name, but the picture of this gay dashing D'Artigan, with the glorious red hair and smiling face, lives fresh and clear in my memory. The Captain bore the reputation of having served in many South and Central American armies, adventure his dominant passion. I hope that fate dealt kindly with him and that he is singing somewhere now.

Fifty, at least twenty-five years must pass before the true history of the Great War will be written, and so it is with verse; we are yet too close to the tragedy to express in words the agony, the suffering and the courage of the war period. America, the United States and Canada, gave three outstanding singing souls to the cause, Allan Seeger, Joyce Kilmer and John McCrae, all of whom fought and died for the Allied Cause. Alan Seeger was born in New York City June 22, 1888, his parents coming from old New England families. The war was but three weeks on when Seeger, on July 25, 1914, bade his father goodbye, their last three days together passed at Canterbury, England. Together they "heard service in the Cathedral and had long talks on the close," then the youth crossed to Paris, where with forty or fifty fellow Americans he enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France, an organization made up of courageous but tur-

bulent souls. There followed a period of training and then to the front, where the "Regiment Etranger," whatever its personnel, fought long and well. On July 1, 1916, the great French advance began, and at 6:00 P. M., July 4th, the Legion was ordered to clear the enemy out of the Village of Belloy-en-Santerre. Seeger was out with the first, his squad enfiladed by the fire of six German machine guns that lay concealed. The majority of his squad went down, Seeger among them, wounded many times. As the remaining Legionnaires passed, Seeger cheered them on. They took the village, but no salvaging of the battlefield was done that night. Next morning Seeger was found dead on blood-stained but reconquered soil. Seeger died as did Shelley, Keats and Byron, young, on the threshhold of greatness, but his—

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

His *I have a Rendezvous with Death* has a majesty all its own, imperishable.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Joyce Kilmer was another young American whose fame as a maker of verse and short stories had been well spread when he entered the service. Kilmer was born at New Brunswick, New Jersey, December 6, 1886, graduating from Rutgers College in 1904, receiving his A. B. from Columbia University in 1906. Kilmer's ancestry goes back to Thomas Kilburne, of Newmarket, Cambridgeshire, England, a warden of the Anglican Church, who came to Connecticutt in 1638. Gradually the name was clipped to Kilmer. He first joined the Reserve Officers Training Corps, resigning to enlist as a private in the Seventh Regiment, New York National Guard. The Seventh was mustered into regular service July 15, 1917, and speaking of his regiment Kilmer jocosely said, "We are the oldest outfit in the Guard—Lafayette reviewed us in 1824, and Joffre two weeks ago." It is difficult to read the sketchy career of Kilmer without sensing the fact that from one side or the other he had inherited more than a fair share of Celtic temperament. He bore a deep-seated affection for all that was Irish; her poetry, her stories, her traditions and her people. He had a passionate love for Irish fairy stories, and Irish soldiers he liked best of all, and so he asked for and received a transfer to the 165th Infantry, U. S. A., formerly the famous old Fighting Sixty-ninth, New York, a unit of the Rainbow Division. Like many other Americans Kilmer, preceding our entrance into the World War was quite pro-German, but it has been said that

"his keen feeling for the sturdy virtues and robust customs of Old England, Merrie England, was of of course patent. His delight in London, and the English countryside, which he knew from a child, was manifest and his profound sense of integrity was violently jolted by the violation of Belgium."

Soldier blood, too, flowed in his veins, and eventually his blood rose white-hot and the call to duty at last sounded clear. Of him it was said,

"he was, to say, a Colonial Dame on both sides, as members of both his father's and his mother's family fought in the American Revolution and members of his father's family in the French and Indian Wars."

Some time before entering the service he, with his wife, left the Anglican Church to become Roman Catholics, and the fervor displayed for this old (to him new) religion, savors of the intensity displayed by him during every waking hour. One has but to read the letters written from France to his wife and friends, including certain Jesuit priests with whom he was on most intimate terms, to sense the great, sympathetic, boyishly impetuous nature of the man. His Chaplain, Father Duffy, said of him:

"He was absolutely the coolest and most indifferent man in the face of danger I have ever seen. It was not for lack of love of life, for he enjoyed his life as a soldier—his only cross was his distance from home. It was partly from his inborn courage and devotion—he would not stint his sacrifice—partly his deep and real belief that what God wills is best."

Kilmer wrote many sweet verses, we will quote one, his *Rouge Bouquet*, written behind the lines in France.

ROUGE BOUQUET

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten metres thick.
There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell,
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle notes
That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning-star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

At dawn on a misty Sunday morning, July 28, 1918, the "Fighting Irish," the Old Sixty-ninth of Civil War fame, now the 165th, went into action near Ourcq, France. Kilmer died July 30th, fighting; here is the final chapter:

> "In the height of the great five-day battle for the mastery of the heights which followed Kilmer was killed. It so happened that he was close to the Major when the batallion adjutant fell and, in the emergency of the battle, without commission or appointment, he was serving as a sort of aid to the battalion commander. Discovering that the woods ahead harboured some machine guns, he had reported this fact, and was sent in the lead of a patrol to establish their exact location. When a couple of hours later the batallion advanced into the woods to clear the spot of the enemy, several of Kilmer's comrades caught sight of him lying, as if still scouting, with his eyes bent over a little ridge. So like his living self he was, they called to him, then ran up—to find him dead with a bullet through his brain. He lies buried, we read, beside Lieutenant Oliver Ames at the edge of a little copse that is known as the Wood of the Burned Bridge, so close to the purling Ourcq that, standing by the grave-side, one could throw a pebble into its waters. Perhaps ten minutes walk to the north lies the half obliterated village Seringes, captured by American troops the night before Kilmer was killed. Eloquent of affection in the making of it, the grave is of course, marked by a wooden cross, on which is written, "Sergeant Joyce Kilmer." Then, after the inscription of his company and regiment, is the line: "Killed in Action—July 30, 1918."
>
> "It is the rule not to bury enlisted men with officers, but Kilmer had won so much admiration and respect not only from the enlisted men in his company but also from the officers, that the commander of the regiment authorized that his grave be dug on the spot and that he be buried next to the grave of the heroic Lieutenant who had just lost his life."

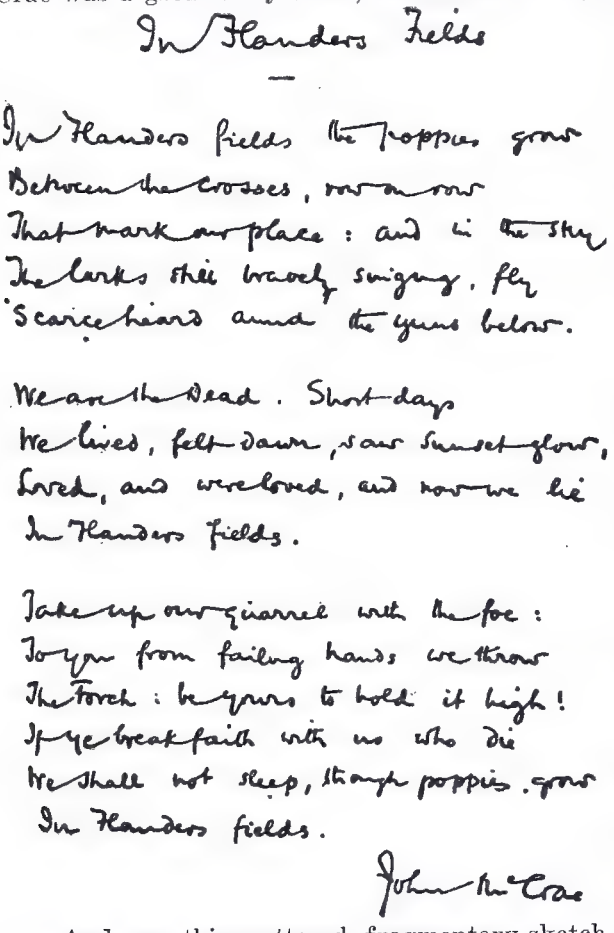
And now we will speak of the third American, John McCrae, physician, soldier and poet, who died in France a Lieutenant Colonel with the Canadian forces, the men from our Sister State to the north that early in the struggle rushed a volunteer army to the aid of the mother country, England, taking within their ranks thousands of our youth whose impetuous courage could not brook the delay suffered by their own Government in entering the war. John McCrae wrote many beautiful poems, but *In Flanders Fields* and *The Anxious Dead* most fully express the poignancy of sorrow, plus a sense of duty performed, that best characterizes the life and death of the dead soldier. *In Flanders Fields* which we reproduce as first written by Colonel McCrae on a fragment of paper, was first published in London "Punch," issue of December 8, 1915.

> "John McCrae witnessed only once the raw earth of Flanders hide its shame in the warm scarlet glory of the poppy. Others have watched this resurrection of the flowers in four successive seasons, a fresh miracle every time it occurs.
>
> "Also they observed the rows of crosses lengthen, the torch thrown, caught, and carried to victory. The dead may sleep, we have not broken faith with them."

so said Sir Andrew Macphail, on old and dear friend.

John McCrae was born November 30, 1872, his parents, David and Janet Simpson McCrae. David McCrae had raised and trained a field battery in Guelph, Ontario, and brought it overseas. He was then seventy, and from age alone was declared unfit to go with it to the front. John, the son, bore the reputation of "always going to the wars." At fourteen he joined the

Guelph Highland Cadets and rose to the rank of First Lieutenant, later he transferred to the Artillery and rose from Gunner to Major. In 1900 he was in Africa serving in the Boer War. Through all his life and through all his letters, dogs and children followed him as "shadows follow men." He was likewise an indefatigable church-goer, and yet medicine was the main concern of his life. For twenty years he studied and practiced medicine. McCrae was a great story teller, he had the rare gift of mimicry without mockery, caricature without malice. In the autumn of 1915 he was transferred from the Artillery to the Medical Branch, and he did not like the change. Doctor though he was, his heart was with the sounding guns. On January 23, 1918, he was aroused from his sleep to say he "had a slight headache." Going to his quarters his ailment was diagnosed as pneumonia with cerebral irritation. Gradually he sank, dying January 28th, and the next day his body was laid to rest in the cemetery in Wimereux, France. One who accompanied him to the grave wrote of him to a friend, "We left him on a sunny slope facing the sunset and the sea," and there we may also leave this physician, soldier, poet and Christian gentleman.


In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep;
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

And now this scattered, fragmentary sketch of Great War Poems must close, with but scant justice done. Time will doubtless produce many more glorious songs of "deeds derring." The tragic experience of our own "Lost Battalion" offers a theme comparable to the "Charge of the Light Brigade," immortalized by Tennyson. But there is one marching song which must not be forgotten, if for no other reason than that it served as a stimulant and a tonic to the "First Hundred Thousand," hastily mobilized by "K. of K.," Kitchener of Khartum. These were the men whom the Kaiser, swimming breast high in arrogance, counting the conquest of France, Belgium and England as but the matter of a few days, referred to as the "Contemptible One Hundred Thousand," a mere handful that would scatter before his grey clad legions like chaff in the wind. The "Contemptibles" died almost to a man, but they did not cease to "hold the line" until England could hastily enlist and send forward men to take their place. Dragging their weary way through the sticky soil of Flanders, this thin brown line of schoolboys—music hall habitues—clerks—dilettante, (I have been more tolerant of monocles, spats, and light canes ever since), many weak of body but strong of soul, kept heart by singing or listening to their comrades sing "Tipperary." The world knows its birthplace, the music halls of East Side London, but its light swinging stride helped these, the first to go, to "carry on" to what proved to be to the most of them, an early end.

"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY"

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure every one was gay;
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:—

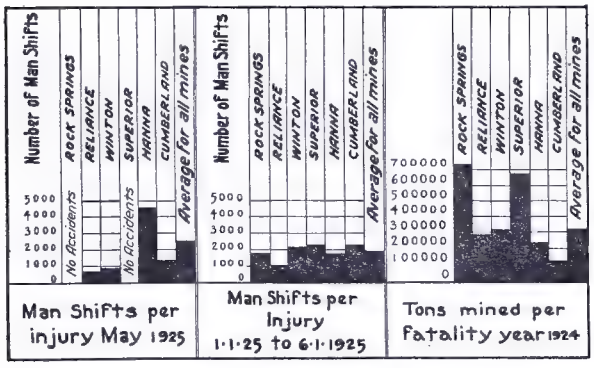
CHORUS:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly, Farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!"

(Continued on page 17)

Make It Safe

The Accident Graph



The accident graph, as published in all former issues of the magazine has undergone a change. Heretofore accidents have been calculated on a tonnage basis and the graph showed the number of tons of coal produced for each fatal and non-fatal accident.

This was manifestly unfair to some of the mining districts. It is obvious that a man working in a coal seam twelve to twenty feet in height will produce more coal in an eight hour shift than one working in a seam five or six feet high, although the hazard is no greater.

Following the British custom and the lead of many Eastern operators, accidents will henceforth be calculated on a manshift basis. That is to say each eight hours work comprises one man-shift. In this manner it is assumed that a man in one mine accepts an equal hazard as one in the same occupation in another mine and that any comparisons that may be drawn will be much fairer than the comparisons made under the old tonnage system.

The above gragh shows the number of man-shifts, or number of eight-hour days, worked for each injury. For example, at Reliance there were 2,851 man-shifts with four injuries or one injury for each 688 shifts; at Hanna there were 4,533 man-shifts with one accident, while at Rock Springs and Superior there were no accidents during May necessitating the injured employe to lose one week's work.

The second column shows the accident record for each mining district for the five month period January 1, to June 1, 1925. This column will be carried forth each month to show the record for the portion of the year portrayed.

The third column of the graph shows tons mined per fatality for the year 1924 remains unchanged. This is due to the fact that the records do not show the actual man-shifts for 1924, consequently this column will remain on the tonnage basis until the end of the year 1925, at which time the change will be made to a man-shift basis.

There were no fatalities during the month of May.

Don't forget that the mining district showing the best record for the six months period January 1, to June 30, 1925, will be presented with an emblematic flag. Don't you think it will look good flying on your flag pole?

Help to place it there.

The National First Aid Meet

THE Fourth International First Aid and Mine Rescue Contest, open to all miners, quarry men and workers in metallurgical plants, will be held at Springfield, Illinois, September 10th, 11th and 12th, 1925, under the auspices of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, according to a recent announcement made by the Acting Secretary of the Interior.

These First Aid and Mine Rescue Contests are held annually under the auspices of the Bureau of Mines, with the co-operation of the American Red Cross, the National Safety Council and various mine operators' associations and miners' organizations with the object of furthering the work of training miners in first aid and mine rescue methods and the consequent advancement of the cause of safety among the million miners of the United States.

The First Aid and Mine Rescue Contests will be for international championships and international contest cups, medals and prizes will be awarded the winners. Proficiency of contesting teams will be determined in accordance with Bureau of Mines' standards by judges thoroughly familiar with first aid and mine rescue work.

A feature of the meet will be the awarding of the Congressional Medal which is given annually to the team of miners adjudged to be most thoroughly skilled in first aid and mine rescue methods.

Another interesting feature will be the awarding of the medals offered annually by the Joseph A. Holmes Safety Association in commemoration of notable deeds of heroism performed by miners in succoring their comrades imperiled at mine fires and disasters. These medals have been awarded two Wyoming miners, Mike Pavlisin and Clifford Phillips, of Kemmerer, Wyoming, for heroism during the explosion of No. 1 Mine at Kemmerer in August, 1923.

Early in August the annual First Aid Meet for The Union Pacific Coal Company teams will be held in Rock Springs at which time teams from each of the mining districts will meet and compete for the annual company trophy. The winners will represent The Union Pacific Coal Company at the national meet at Springfield, Illinois. At the annual system meet at Rock Springs in August, while each mining district or individual mines may be represented by separate first aid and mine rescue teams, the team which will be selected to go to Springfield will be the one which secures the highest average in both first aid and mine rescue work, and will therefore be a combination team. This team will consist of five men, one of whom shall act as captain.

In order that all teams can secure the proper training, arrangements have been made with the Bureau of Mines so that Rescue Car No. 2 will be in The Union Pacific Field during June and July, at which time all teams desiring instruction can receive the training from experts. It is also most desirable to have all individuals avail themselves of this training, especially those who have never received the Bureau of Mines First Aid certificate.

In order that the meet will not be "all work and no play" the winning team will be given trips to Chicago where the most interesting sights of the "big time" will be enjoyed, thence to Springfield, one of the most, if not the most beautiful mining district in America. Stops will be made at St. Louis and Denver on the

homeward trip. Taken all in all it is a trip well worth the energy spent and one which will be eagerly sought by all teams of the company.

In the past The Union Pacific teams have always made most enviable records, and no team has yet returned from a national meet without some trophy or medal to bear witness to proficiency. At the last meet at Salt Lake City, the Cumberland team, with Captain Lyman Fearn, won the special Joseph A. Holmes trophy for the company whose first aid team and separate mine rescue team received the highest average rating in both first aid and mine rescue. At this meet the Hanna No. 4 Team, Captain Thomas Meekin, carried off state honors in first aid work. All confidence is felt that our teams will not only maintain the high standard of former competitors but will return from Springfield with more and greater honors than have been achieved in the past.

The May Casualty List

A few of the accidents as they happened in May.

Miner—Fall of loose rock at face of entry caused a severe laceration of scalp.

Miner—Was pushing coal down the chute. A piece of coal fell from the chute bruising calf of leg.

Miner—Was taking down loose top coal. A piece fell and as he attempted to avoid the fall, his foot slipped and he was caught by the coal, causing a simple fracture of right leg about three inches below knee.

Machine Runner—Was cutting face of room. He heard the face coal break and while attempting to step back, his foot caught on tail rope of machine and he tripped and fell. Before he could recover himself face fell causing sprained ankle.

Miner—Had tried unsuccessfully to pull down some loose face coal. He then started to shovel the machine cuttings from below the coal, when a piece of coal fell from face fracturing right leg.

Loader—Was dropping loaded car down room. As car went around a slight curve, rope flew over, bruising ankle.

Rope-runner—Loaded car derailed, bumper catching his foot causing severe bruise.

Car-trimmer—Was standing near car which was nearly full. A large piece of coal rolled off car striking his foot causing severe bruise.

Driver—While snubbing empty car to face he had rope lines on horse around his hand. In turning horse through props he caught his hand against a prop, spraining wrist.

Machine runner—Was finishing cutting room face and permitted machine bits to get too close to jackpipe. Bits caught on pipe, discharging it and he was struck on leg, causing a severe bruise.

Miner—While lowering a loaded car of coal from face of room with rope, he in some manner caught his leg in the loose end of the rope, injuring leg slightly.

Timberman—Was recovering timber and a prop fell on foot causing slight bruise.

Injury to Old Timer Mr. W. W. Williams

When the Old Timers met in Rock Springs, June 13th, Mr. W. W. Williams, who entered the service at Grass Creek Mines in 1880, forty-five years ago, mentioned the fact that a pay day had never passed in the forty-five years without his receiving pay from the Company, a remarkable record.

The Old Timers will all regret to learn that Mr. Williams suffered a dislocation to his right hip as a result of receiving a kick from a horse June 22nd. We hope his recovery will be prompt and complete.

Girls' Hearthfire Circle

Our 1925 Girl Scout Camp

"Out of your cage
Come out of your cage
And take your soul on a pilgrimage."

Dear Scouts:

IT'S nearly Camp time and I know you are all very glad, especially the Beavers—naughty and loved. They say they expect to be there, troop strong, that they do not wish to lose their reputation. I wasn't quite sure which part of their many-sided reputation Patrol Leader Mary O'Donnell meant.

Now, then, this year Camp is to be divided into two groups: The Junior Scouts will go first, from July 19th to August 2nd; Senior Scouts from August 2nd to August 19th. A bulletin will reach each Captain before you get this magazine giving a full list of the officers so that your Mothers will know that every care will be taken of you while you are at Camp. It will also give suggestions for your equipment needs. I do want, however, to ask you to tell your Mothers that always the very simplest things are best for Camp, that woolen stockings are a necessity and that dress-up clothes are a nuisance.

We are to have an art teacher this year; Lieutenant Jane Beck and Miss Agnes Stendhal will be play directors; Mrs. Glasgow will be our nurse; we hope Doctor Hebard of the University can plan to be with us, she wants to; Mrs. A. Sibley will be Chronicler and perhaps "Freddy" will come back.

Best of all, Camp will, this year, be largely planned by you girls yourselves. Patrol Leaders will meet and in the light of our experiences last year, discuss our program and make plans for this year.

Many, many friends have helped us plan for a permanent Camp site with a kitchen-cabin made of logs. We asked for $1,500 to provide it and a large stove and other equipment. It has almost been subscribed, our friends have been so good to us. We have the privilege of laying the foundation of true scouting and of the Girl Scout Camp—a tremendous privilege. So then here we are, Beavers, Bears (by the way, some of the Bears have turned into Nightingales), Pathfinders, Bluebells, Owlettes, Winton I, Superior I, and Carnations, ready for Camp but not more ready than the officers. Today I had a letter from Lieutenant Beck asking that the date be hurried, Mrs. Dickinson has sent for some new songs, and right now I know we are going to have a much more wonderful time than we did last year.

A True Story About a Girl

ONCE there were four little girls who lived in a big, bare house, in the country. They were very poor, but they had the happiest times you ever heard of, because they were very rich in everything except just money. They had a wonderful, wise father, who knew stories to tell, and who taught them their lessons in such a beautiful way that it was better than play; they had a lovely, merry, kind mother, who was never too tired to help them work or watch them play; and they had all the great green country to play in. There were dark, shadowy woods, and fields of flowers, and a river. And there was a big barn.

One of the little girls was named Louisa. She was very pretty, and ever so strong; she could run for miles through the woods and not get tired. And she had a splendid brain in her little head; it liked study, and it thought interesting thoughts all day long.

Louisa liked to sit in a corner by herself, sometimes, and write thoughts in her dairy; all the little girls kept dairies. She liked to make up stories out of her own head, and sometimes she made verses.

When the four little sisters had finished their lessons, and had helped their mother sew and clean, they used to go to the big barn to play; and the best play of all was theatricals. Louisa liked theatricals better than anything.

They made the barn into a theatre, and the grown people came to see the plays they acted. They used to climb up on the haymow for a stage, and the grown people sat in chairs on the floor. It was great fun. One of the plays they acted was Jack and the Bean-Stalk. They had a ladder from the floor to the loft, and on the ladder they tied a squash vine all the way up to the loft, to look like the wonderful bean-stalk. One of the little girls was dressed up to look like Jack, and she acted the part. When it came to the place in the story where the giant tried to follow Jack, the little girl cut down the bean-stalk, and down came the giant tumbling from the loft. The giant was made out of pillows, with a great, fierce head of paper, and funny clothes.

Another story that they acted was Cinderella. They made a wonderful big pumpkin out of the wheelbarrow, trimmed with yellow paper, and Cinderella rolled away in it, when the fairy godmother waved her wand.

One other beautiful story they used to play. It was the story of Pilgrim's Progress; if you have never heard it, you must be sure to read it as soon as you can read well enough to understand the old-fashioned works. The little girls used to put shells in their hats for a sign they were on a pilgrimage, as the old pilgrims used to do; then they made journeys over the hill behind the house, and through the woods, and down the lanes; and when the pilgrimage was over they had apples and nuts to eat, in the happy land of home.

Louisa loved all these plays, and she made some of her own and wrote then down so that the children could act them.

But better than fun or writing Louisa loved her mother, and by and by, as the little girl began to grow into a big girl, she felt very sad to see her dear mother work so hard. She helped all she could with the housework, but nothing could really help the tired mother except money; she needed money for food and clothes, and some one grown up, to help in the house. But there never was enough money for these things, and Louisa's mother grew more and more weary, and sometimes ill. I cannot tell you how much Louisa suffered over this.

At last, as Louisa thought about it, she came to care more about helping her mother and her father and her sisters than about anything else in the world. And she began to work very hard to earn money. She sewed for people, and when she was a little older she taught some little girls their lessons, and then she wrote stories for the papers. Every bit of money she earned, except what she had to use, she gave to her dear family. It helped very much, but it was so little that Louisa never felt as if she were doing anything.

Every year she grew more unselfish, and every year she worked harder. She liked writing stories best of all her work, but she did not get much money for them, and some people told her she was wasting her time.

At last, one day, a publisher asked Louisa, who was now a woman, to write a book for girls. Louisa was not very well, and she was very tired, but she always said, "I'll try," when she had a chance to work; so she said, "I'll try," to the publisher. When she thought about the book she remembered the good times she used to have with her sisters in the big, bare house in the country. And so she wrote a story and put all that in it; she put her dear mother and her wise father in it, and all the little sisters, and besides the jolly times and the plays, she put the sad, hard times in—the work and worry and going without things.

When the book was written she called it "Little Women," and sent it to the publisher.

And, children, the little book made Louisa famous. It was so sweet and funny and sad and real—like our own lives—that everybody wanted to read it. Everybody bought it, and much money came from it. After so many years, little Louisia's wish came true; she bought a nice house for her family; she sent one of her sisters to Europe, to study; she gave her father books; but best of all, she was able to see to it that the beloved mother, so tired and so ill, could have rest and happiness. Never again did the dear mother have to do any hard work, and she had pretty things about her all the rest of her life.

Louisa Alcott, for that was Louisa's name, wrote many beautiful books after this, and she became one of the most famous women of America. But I think the most beautiful thing about her is what I have been telling you; that she loved her mother so well that she gave her whole life to make her happy.

Lillian

I know a girl who carries round
An atmosphere of joy;
She isn't over-sensitive
And easy to annoy.

When you are with her, pleasant talk
Begins an easy flow;
Somehow you never want to tell
The gossip that you know.

She seems so far above
The petty thought and mean,
As if she lived on higher ground
And kept her soul serene.

As free from care as any child,
She simply does her part;
She cannot help but scatter joy—
There's heaven in her heart.

MARGERY ISOBEL in "The Girls' World."

(Continued from page 14)

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and let me know!
"If I make mistakes in 'spelling,' Molly dear," said he,
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."

(Chorus)

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're the same!"

(Chorus)

The Union Pacific Coal Company Old Timers' Association

The Story of the Organization of the Old Timers, an Association of Men of Twenty or More Years Service

"A wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realms of Tears,
With a faultless rythm, and musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime
As it blends with the ocean of years."

THE Organization Meeting and First Annual Banquet of the Old Timers Association, held at Rock Springs Saturday, June 13, 1925, has gone down into history, a history written in letters of red and gold in the hearts and souls of the more than four hundred men and women; those whose long years of loyal service to The Union Pacific Coal Company and related companies, made the organization possible. Past and gone as is the meeting, the impressions received by those attending, yet linger like the fragrance of a long ago remembered perfume. The great Emerson once said:

> "Friendships should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners. Friendship requires more time than poor busy men can usually command."

And so the call went out and the Old Timers, boys and girls of the early days, came by auto and by train, and again we salute you in the words of the song written by our much loved Editress, Miss Jessie McDiarmid, who more than Editress, is the friend and counsellor of the several hundred women and girls who reside in our towns and villages.

GOOD EVENING

Good evening, all you Old-Time Folk,
You're surely looking fine,
Good evening, Chris and Williams,
We're glad you're here to dine,
Bobby Muir and Holen, too,
And Judgie Thomas, Oh, here's to you,
Good evening, all you Old-Time Folks,
With your smiles all shined as bright as—
Your coats all brushed as right as—
Your face and hands as white as—
Mine!

Good evening, all you Grass Creek Folk,
Who left the town to stay,
Good evening, Como and Scofield
You were great in your day,
Baldwin and Almy and Dana, too,
And nice big Twin Creek, Oh, here's to you,
Good evening, all your Old-Time Towns,
Where you laid the track as straight as—
And stood by pal as true as—
And showed your blood as Blue as—
Now!

Good evening, you folks from Cumberland,
Sitting in a line,
Good evening, Hanna, Carbon,
We're glad you left your mine,
Spring Vall-ie and Almy, too,
And Omaha, Oh, here's to you,
Good evening, all you hero folks,
When you've come down to see us—
You've come down to see us—
You've come down to see us—
Here!

Good evening, drop the old tail chain,
And take a day to play,
Good evening all you mining folk,
This day you'll all be gay,
Leo Chee and Jock McTee
And "Georgie Plyde" so Sa-sassy,
Good evening, Old-Timers, dear,
We're glad you're all dining—
We're glad you're all dining—
We're glad you're all dining—
Here!

Good evening, when the Super comes,
Leave your town just as neat as mine,
Good evening, when the Super comes,
Have your picks all in a line,
Leave your pipes and matches, too,
Or they'll scold you down,
That's what they'll do,
Good evening, when the Super comes,
Have your town just as neat as—
Your town just as neat as—
Your town just as neat as—
Mine!

The Association belongs not to one but all of the Old Timers, and it is fitting that the impressions received by those who "stood by," watching the tide of good fellowship ebb and flow, should share in the work of making the record complete, and so as the work of many hands we give such to you.

Makers of History on the Overland Trail

In the history of The Union Pacific Coal Company, Saturday, June 13th, 1925, will always be one of the high mile stones. An opportunity to make history is the biggest asset man may have; a fine record the best heritage he can leave behind. Makers of history! Following the rebellion of the thirteen colonies against the rule of the Mother Country, England, and the establishment of the United States of America, came a long period marked by the development of the great wilderness lying to the west. The country was early settled to the Mississippi River, including the Louisiana Purchase, a vast territory stretching toward the setting sun, fertile lands in which the hardy pioneers of the restless young nation made their homes. The development of Oregon and California, in which the rush to the gold fields played a large part, was forgotten during the bitter struggle known as The War Between the States, in 1861 to 1865. Following the war came a further period of westward movement prompted by the restlessness always uppermost in the vast horde of young men released from the stirring service of a great war. The Indians of the plains country had, however, been exceedingly active in resisting the home seeking efforts of the pioneers. It was extremely desirable that a trans-continental railroad be developed, primarily for military purposes, but likewise for the transportation of passengers and freight to the new settlements on the Pacific Coast. It was a hazardous undertaking; the Federal Treasury, weak-

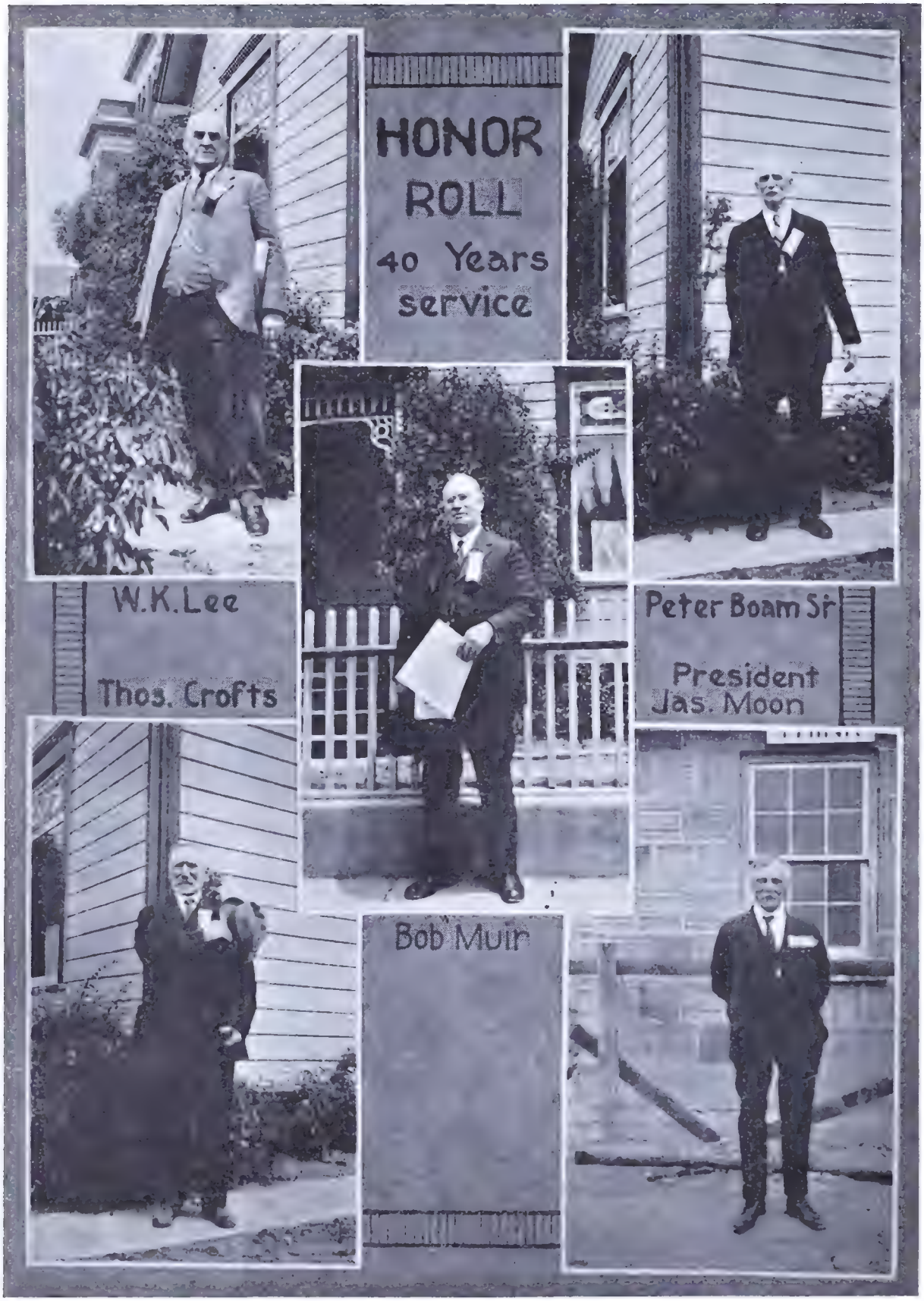
Charter Members Old Timers Association, Union Pacific Coal Company, Elks Building, Rock Springs, June 13, 1925.

ened by the Great War, could scarcely at that time be called upon for so great a charge and hundreds of miles of non-revenue territory, from which to this day hardly a dollar's worth of freight comes to the railroad, caused private interests to hesitate toward making investment in such an uncertain enterprise. However, with the support of the United States Government, a group of men on the Atlantic Coast braved the financing and the railroad was built. With the construction of the Railroad came the need of fuel, and mines producing coal were developed wherever coal of a proper quality was found available along the line. To these mines came miners from the British Isles and from the older mining fields of the United States.

The western land was a desert and the early years were very trying. In this first settlement of the mining districts, the wives and mothers of the men endured hardships with very little to make life worthwhile. Throughout many long severe winters, these fine courageous women endured sacrifices, true helpmates to these makers of history! The mines were first opened in 1868, fifty-seven years ago, and with the passing years the young adventurers who pioneered in the work of mining along the old Overland Trail, grew gray in the service. Many of the happenings of the years gone by in the operation of The Union Pacific Coal Company now live as tradition handed down by word of mouth from generations which have passed away. It is difficult to fully appreciate the value of early traditions in an organization of fifty-seven years standing, that value, is, however, appreciated by the President of The Union Pacific Coal Company, and some four months ago, at his suggestion, plans were developed for the formation of an Old Timers Association of The Union Pacific Coal Company. The requirement for membership was fixed at a minimum of twenty years continuous service and invitations were issued to the men who had twenty or more years to their credit. Committees on arrangements were formed and the date of the meeting was set for June 13th, 1925. The plan included badges for each of the mining fields, including many old fields which have been abandoned and are quite unknown to the present generation. The records were carefully examined to develop the present location of all men entitled to "Old Timers" standing, and a button was designed to be worn in the coat lapel, to stand from now on as evidence of membership on the part of the wearer. The eve of the 13th of June arrived; Old Timers came to town by train and automobile; a large membership from Cumberland accompanied their wonderful band. The reception committee busied themselves in assigning billets, the Cumberland band being cared for in a Pullman car and at the Union Pacific Club in Wardell Court.

A sweet, clean Wyoming morning opened up on the 13th, and then more Old Timers arrived. The auto transport service for conducting the Old Timers and their wives, from place to place about town, was busy at all times. The Elks Club Building had been secured as Headquarters and registration began at ten o'clock in the morning. Hundreds were present and every one enjoyed witnessing the meeting between old friends, many of whom had not met for years. Two men past sixty, who had been trapper boys together in a coal mine in Ohio, met for the first time since their boyhood. The roll of registration, totaling 269, as presented by the Secretary, follows:

Name	Years Service	Name	Years Service	Name	Years Service
Abraham, David	40	Angelovich, Shandow	29	Buxton, R. J.	24
Armstrong, Jack	36	Askey, William	21	Balen, Marco	21
Anselmi, Germano	33	Annala, Oscar	24	Bartela, John	24
Anderson, A. H. (Gus)	37	Attryde, James	35	Berquist, Emil	34
Angelovich, William	33	Ackerlund, S. E.	23	Belman, Robert (Colored)	34
Angelovich, Steve	33	Besso, Martin	23	Bow, Joe (Chinese)	44


HONOR
ROLL
40 Years
service
W.K.Lee
Thos. Crofts
Peter Boam Sr
President
Jas. Moon
Bob Muir

Name	Years Service
Brawley, Sr., James J.	25
Booker, A. U. (Colored)	26
Bosner, Frank	20
Bow, Ah (Chinese)	30
Briggs, Joseph	21
Briggs, W. A.	21
Butler, Thos. H.	44
Brooks, Charles (Colored)	27
Buehler, O. C.	31
Brown, Geo. A.	20
Benson, George	31
Bean, Sr., Wm.	45
Blacker, Sr., Geo.	33
Boam, Sr., Peter	48
Boam, Jr., Peter	36
Balog, Steve	27
Besso, James	32
Cukale, Frank	21
Crofts, Thomas	42
Chee, Leo (Chinese)	44
Chung, Ah (Chinese)	42
Chokie, John	36
Clegg, Arthur	32
Chee, Ah (Chinese)	33
Crofts, Chas. W.	35
Cook, Ed.	20
Chinn, Ah (Chinese)	44
Collins, Gus	20
Choate, Julian	24
Cox, Robert	44
Cook, Thomas	34
Cardwell, Robert	41
Cole, John	28
Clark, Joseph	35
Donnjan, Tony	20
Dorigatti, J.	23
Darling, Geo. N.	23
Doak, John	31
Durham, Chas. H.	36
Davis, William	38
Dyett, Joseph	42
Dewar, James R.	33
Daniels, John	24
Doane, A. H.	32
Dona, Ben	38
Davis, Thomas	26
Delpria, John	34
Elias, A. V.	23
Eckman, Nels	35
Erickson, Carl	32
Edwards, Thos. T.	46
Fearn, Lyman	21
Foster, Thos.	26
Fitchett, George	36
Fearn, James	20
Fortuna, Andrew	20
Fung, Ah (Chinese)	44
Gregory, Charles	26
Gennetti, James	34
Galob, Frank	21
Greenwood, Alex	33
Glaad, Jack	34
Gibbs, Richard	31
Grosso, Barton	28
How, Ah (Chinese)	40
Him, Ah (Chinese)	43
Hardin, Albert	20
Harvey, Ben	27
Harvey, Moses	31
Henkell, Theo. P.	47
Hughes, W. W.	30
Hunt, J. M.	23
Henkell, A. T.	20
Hill, Ludvig	25
Haikio, Jack	35
Hunter, Sr., John	34
Holen, John O.	32
Hood, Andrew G.	27
Iredale, Joseph	24
Jugovich, Anton	22
Johnson, Axel	31
Jones, John E.	32
James, Jesse	32
Julius, Louis	25
Jones, W.	31
Johnson, Eli	20
Jackson, Joseph	20
Johnson, Axel	30
Jelouchan, Thomas	20
Kong, Joe	45
Krichbaum, George	37
Kovach, Joseph	20
Kudar, Ignatz	20
Kaminiski, John	22
Kormus, Joseph	26
Kim, Leo (Chinese)	24
Kuheli, Matt	22
Koski, John	22
Kumpala, Eli	24
Knutt, Jacob	21
Kobler, John	23
Kolesar, John	22
Kukoy, Paul	21
Litt, Yee (Chinese)	29
Lisko, Geo.	24
Lemarr, Thos.	45
Lewis, Benj.	34
Lee, W. K.	38
Lee, Joseph	21
Lucas, Joseph	21
Lee, Sing (Chinece)	48
Louma, John	25
Lindroos, Oscar E.	23
Lasko, John	27
Lacey, John W.	39
MacDonald, James V.	26
MacDonald, Sr., James	27
Morrison, Matt	22
Morris, T. M.	24
Mrak, Anton	20
Matson, Sam	37
Murinko, Michael	34
Moffett, C. E.	32
Moon, William	27
Marushack, Joseph	34
Moon, James	50
Manazot, Charles	22
Morrow, Matthew	23
Mattonen, Matthew	26
Miller, Sr., Joseph	27
Morgan, Thomas	32
Moser, Frank	21
Morgan, Charles	42
Murray, C. A.	25
Muir, Robert	40
Medill, M. W.	25
McMillan, Wm.	23
McMahon, Peter	37
McTee, Jr., John	36
McTee, Joseph	35
McIntosh, William	29
McCarty, Frank L.	38
McTee, Sr., John	36
Nishimura, K.	21
Nakamura, T.	20
Norback, Jacob	25
Notar, Jerry	20
Nelson, P. P.	26
Oronovic, Geo.	27
Ord, Frank	28
Ong, Lee (Chinese)	28
Outsen, Charles	21
Olofson, Olof	31
Olofson, Arthur	20
Ojala, Gust	28
Pryde, G. B.	27
Popp, George	24
Peterson, John	24
Palank, Louis	25
Pelkonen, Elmer	24
Peternell, John	20
Potocnik, Frank	20
Potocnik, Leonard	20
Parr, Ed.	27
Powell, Wm.	30
Potter, Dan D.	28
Price, Wm.	42
Porenta, John	22
Powell, D.	20
Penny, J. W.	21
Patterson, Paul	29
Penman, George	23
Powell, Thos. Q.	38
Perner, Anton	23
Peternall, Andrew	24
Powell, Griff	20
Pasonen, A.	24
Pivac, Lawrence	20
Roberts, Isaac	20
Ramsay, Jack	24
Rebovich, Joe	23
Randolph, Sr., J. W.	25
Russell, Patrick	41
Rae, James C.	24
Robinson, Sr., T. H.	24
Robinson, W. J.	24
Rizzi, Albino	24
Rauzi, Peter	20
Rizzi, Nick	20
Rauzi, Geo.	25
Ramoush, Anton	25
Ritter, Wm. L.	27
Rodda, W. J.	26
Sievers, John	35
Smith, John	23
Soltis, John	24
Sickich, Joseph	24
Sulenta, Joseph	23
Sandy (Chinese)	35
Sung, Ah (Chinese)	35
Stevens, Paul	27
Sandstrom, Gust	38
Sprowell, Joseph M.	25
Sheffield, Wm.	29
Smith, Lynn	20
Stebner, Adolph	32
Sled, William (Colored)	28
Spence, William	23
Saunders, Thos. (Colored)	27
Sturman, M. J.	21
Skorup, Roda	21
Steffan, Mike, Sr.	35
Tallmire, Frank	24
Tarris, Andrew	21
Toucher, George	20
Toucher, Urban	28
Travis, Jack	26
Twardoski, Thos.	33
Thompson, Charles	34
Tremelling, T. H.	21
Tomicich, Michael	22
Tomich, Tony	22
Taylor, Mary	23
Treat, Edgar B.	36
Thomas, John	20
Ting, Leo (Chinese)	44
Walters, Henry	24
Willson, W. F.	20
Wassung, C. P.	23
Wilson, Edw.	21
Wilde, Matt	22

Name	Years Service
Wilde, Robt.	23
Williams, Wm.	22
Wah, Leo (Chinese)	39
Wright, Henry (Colored)	21
White, Nestor	20
Wilde, Geo. F.	24
Williams, W. W.	45
Williams, Spencer	38
Wall, Fred	28
Young, Gavin	24
Yedinak, John	20
Yak, Leo (Chinese)	30
You, Leo (Chinese)	27
Yugovich, John	21
Zupp, Michael	24
Zuick, James	35
Goddard, John	22
Goddard, Harry	30
Johnson, Chris	40
Taliaferro, Jr., T. S.	42

At eleven o'clock the "Old Timers" met to perfect an organization, the adoption of by-laws and election of officers, with the following results:

President, Vice-President and Sec'y-Treas.

James Moon (Rock Springs), President.
Robert Cardwell (Hanna), Vice-President.
Chas. P. Wassung (Rock Springs), Sec'y.-Treas.

Board of Governors

Thomas Cook (Hanna), 1 year.
John Doak (Rock Springs), 1 year.
James Besso (Winton), 2 years.
Geo. F. Wilde (Cumberland), 2 years.
Charles Morgan (Superior), 3 years.
Joseph Miller, Sr. (Reliance), 3 years.
John McTee, Sr. (Rock Springs), at large, 3 years.

Tom Crofts as "Old Timers" photographer, was on hand shooting them all as he picked them out, and a group photograph was taken of the entire assembly. And thus history was made concrete.

During the morning activities, the Cumberland Band provided stirring music from their vantage point on the balcony of the Elks Building and later added interest by playing through the main streets of the city.

Evening and the Banquet

"To complete and round out the work begun earlier today, to cement more closely the membership of the organization created this morning." Come six o'clock and the Banquet and not now did one hear as we did in the morning standing in the Hall of the Old Timers' Headquarters: "Hello, how are you, Tommy?" "Yes, Chris Johnson is here, I just saw him." "She was just asking me if you'd be here; haven't seen ye for thirty years." "No, Dave and Jack are in Kemmerer. I'm the only BOY here now." "Seventy-four, are you now?" "You don't know me yet, YOU ought to." "Hello, Bill, hello, Tommy." "Yes, I came in seventy-seven, I think." "Oh, well, well, I was looking for you, heard you were here. God bless you!" "Hello, Jim, how are you, old boy." "Hello, Jack!" "Hello, Dick!" "Got your fiddle, Jock—man, but you use to play it." "Here, Miss, would you pin this straight for me," as the Old Timers gathered, recognized and greeted friends, registered and received the Old Timers badge, the badge of the day—and again with sadness, spoke of those who had gone on, sympathizing with each other's loss until we who were privileged to be in their midst felt our hearts drawn one minute to sympathize with all the old good times, the strong fine friendships; friendships carried through fifty years—and then the next minute to contract with pain because of sorrows passed. But not now did we hear these greetings; they'd all been said; an organization had been effected; the Old Timers had marched together and rooted at the ball game together and now had come "to cement more closely the membership of the organization created this morning" as President McAuliffe said in his address and for this the stage was set. The Ladies of the Congregational Church had prepared the dinner, the huge banquet room was decorated, Girl Scouts were ready to serve efficiently, seating was arranged by town groups —but more than all elese there was the spirit of the best of the early west, kindled by much reminiscing among many whole-souled friends reunited. After listening to the touching words of invocation delivered by the Rev. Roy Burt, messages of greeting and congratulation were read by Mr. Geo. B. Pryde who acted as toast-master, from President Gray and Vice-President Calvin of the Union Pacific Railway, from F. R. Manley, James Nedham, and from Judge John W. Lacey of Cheyenne, who entered the employ of the company in 1886 and who has served continuously since that time as attorney for the Company.

Mr. James Moon, elected President of the organization struck the keynote of the whole celebration when he said in his speech, the greatest joy that had come to him was the meeting with his old friends, many of whom he had not seen for thirty years.

Doctor Doyle Joslin, song leader extraordinary, led the group in old and new songs; old songs that had been sung in old Almy, in Carbon and Spring Valley, now were sung with the fifty-five piece concert Band of Cumberland, one of the best in the West, certainly the best maintained in a town of Cumberland's size anywhere; new songs, too, were concocted for the occasion and sung with all the accumulated enthusiasm of the day. "Picollo Pete" and "E Flat Tommy," two of the youngest members of the Band, played selections from the top of a table, and then President McAuliffe was called on to address the Old Timers. He said, addressing himself to "Old Timers, Wives, Mothers, and Guests;"

"We are gathered here this evening to complete and round out the work begun earlier today, that of cementing more closely together the organization created this morning. I rise to speak to you whose service with our company, your company, is so much longer than my own brief span, with great hesitation. For those in particular who have spent forty or more years with The Union Pacific Coal Company and to the man whose period of service has reached fifty years, I acknowledge a feeling of great respect. There are many places that a man can work in and about, and grow older more gracefully than a coal mine; there are many easier and less hazardous places in which a man can gain a livelihood; but I like to think that real red-blooded men never shirk legitimate hazards when there is work to be done, and I know that coal mining men are of this class. Again you men older in the service might have picked a country less difficult to live in than Wyoming was when you came, many of you with families, and that reminds me that while your toil has been arduous and severe at times, with much that was distressing and vexatious to contend with, may I say that my sympathy in these hardships runs even more with your good wives who had much wind and storm to contend with and which you often escaped by being below."

"Getting up early on a Wyoming winter morning to get breakfast and fill the lunch pail of a too often grouchy husband (to which class I, myself, belong), to thereafter prepare and breakfast her children for school, or to have them constantly around her in a small sized house, with a scarcity of amusement, represents a task more wearing than yours, and raised as I was in an even harsher frontier country, I have very vivid recollections of the tasks that confront all frontier mothers, and I trust my memory of the youthful days so spent will keep me ever mindful of the beauty

40 Years
service
Joe Dyett
Joe Bow
Tom Butler
Wm. Bean Sr.
Ah How

and character that is an attribute of motherhood. The story of the young Wyoming wife recently told in our Magazine, who sat in her window in the early days that now seem so long ago, reading the "prayers for the dead" as a funeral passed her door, knowing as she did that there was no clergyman to read or say a prayer at the grave, recalls another mother of days gone, who was called to pray by the side of dying men, because she was supposed to be "the only woman in the construction camp who could pray." And so I hope that you women who gave the best period of your lives to this company, will feel with your men that this is your Association as much as it is theirs. For we who have the direction of the company, I will only say that we are trying very hard to make life easier, safer and better for everyone, and for the co-operation you men and women, together with our splendid body of clergymen and business men and women have given us we are deeply grateful; in the end the work is yours, we can only help, and now while the suggestion for this organization rests with myself, I am keenly anxious that it should be your organization, your party, for the reason that it is you who have given the years of toil, your youth, to this work, which alone makes it possible to have an "Old Timers' Association," and not a "Veterans Association;" just "Old Timers" who propose to meet once a year to, as your by-laws enacted this morning say, 'renew and thereafter maintain the friendships of earlier days.'"

"I would like to know that you will all leave this meeting for a few short moments tonight, journeying back to the land of memory, back to the days when you were younger, when gray hairs seemed a long way forward, and when your wives were first your sweethearts, as I hope they are yet. It does us no harm to travel back along the old road, recalling the friendships of early days, the faces of those we know and worked with, and loved, how much perhaps we did not rightfully measure then. A man cannot be eligible to your Association whose years are such that he does not stand at least midway on the trail; behind lies youth, ambition, dreams, often mixed with sorrows that seemed insurmountable then; in front the trail winds toward the sun, the end we cannot see, but it is somewhere ahead. If you men and women who are here tonight will forget all that was harsh and unfriendly in the past, recalling that which was joyous and cheery and lovable (and there is lots of such in the world), you will have a good time and you will want to come again."

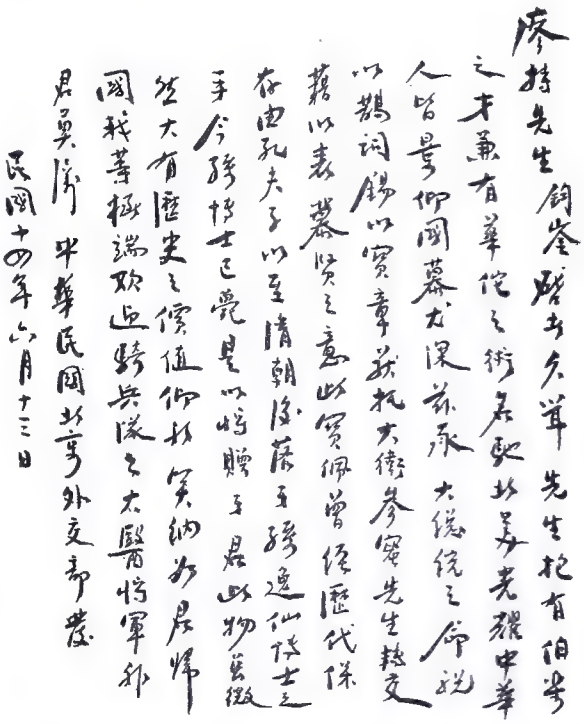
"We have a few men with us tonight whose service has passed the forty year mark, (one who has seen over fifty years) whom we specially desire to honor, and to you, regardless of race, religion or position in life, whom we all think just a little more of, I wish personally to present a button just a little different from those which were given to the men of between twenty and forty years service this morning. These buttons in a way are meant to put you in a preferred class, they evidence forty or more years of loyal service, and you will find your names and the year you entered the service engraved thereon."

"You have, thanks to the ladies, your Committees, the boys of the Cumberland Band, the Base Ball League, Brueggeman's Orchestra and many individuals, had so far a splendid time; there are stories, songs, dances yet to come and, in conclusion, I can only say that while myself 'midway on the trail' with you 'Old Timers' here tonight, I regret more than I can tell that my life work has taken me into too many places to be classed as an 'Old Timer' in any one place, my early work, friendships and recollections lacking that splendid continuity that you enjoy. When you leave tonight I am sure you will carry home with you happy memories of this meeting and that you will make solemn resolve to be here again next year."

With the close of Mr. McAuliffe's remarks, the men who had served for forty years and more were requested to step forward. As the Old Timers answered to their names and stood together before the crowd of 450 diners, Mrs. Eugene McAuliffe, who has always accompanied her husband in his wide service to the Railroad and Coal Mining Industries, graciously came forward and with kind smiles and pleasant words affixed a button on the lapel of each of these men of honorable record. The role of honor follows:

Joe Bow,	W. K. Lee,
Thos. Crofts,	Chas. Morgan,
Leo Chee,	Patrick Russell,
Joe Dyett,	Robert Cox,
Ah How,	T. H. Butler,
Ah Him,	Wm. Bean, Sr.
T. H. LeMarr,	Peter Boam, Sr.
Wm. Price,	T. T. Edwards,
James Moon,	Chris. Johnson,
Robert Muir,	W. W. Williams.

Many of the men who received the forty-year button seemed strangely young for so long a service but we recall that honest work in the most healthful climate in the world, does not leave the marks that are often brought about by life in the congested cities of the unhealthful river and sea coast towns. A mountain country begets a sturdy and virile people.



Much comment was heard during the evening relative to the forwarding and receipt of cablegrams written in Chinese characters. Up to a few months ago the task was a well nigh impossible one, but American genius which made wireless photography transmission possible, in the language of "Lightning Bill, "I fixed that," solved the problem, the solution a simple matter of using a few thousand yards of barbed wire between the sending instrument and destination. Wyoming, the greatest stock raising country in the world, has the barbed wire.

Following the ceremony of fastening the engraved buttons on the coats of the Old Timers whose service exceeded forty years by Mrs. McAuliffe, the Old Guard returned to their seats while the banquet hall rang with cheers, while Leo Chee, more lovingly known as "Jim," was detained for special honors. The Union Pacific Coal Company employs representatives of thirty-six nations, and "Jim," among the oldest, with forty-four years of loyal, faithful service to his credit, stood at attention while Mr. "Davy Tom" presented him with an original cablegram received earlier in the day from the President of the Great Chinese Republic, "Jim's" fame having reached the far away President's ears. The original cablegram as translated by an eminent Chinese scholar, resident in Rock Springs, was read to "Jim" and his friends by Mr. Thomas, poet laurette of Rock Springs and Bitter Creek, the message reading as follows:

Leo Chee, "Doctor General"

Pekin, China, June 13th, 1925.

To Leo Chee, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Having heard of your reputation as a horse doctor and surgeon in the United States, the Flowery Kingdom, through its President, desires to acknowledge your accomplishments, your fame and reputation having reached us and made us very happy. We hereby acknowledge your wonderful gifts with a slight testimonial from us which "Mr. Davy Tom" is authorized to present to you, this badge of honor, namely: Order of the Green Dragon, originated by Confucius, carried down by the Ming dynasty, taken from them at the time of their over-throw by Dr. Sun Yat Sen and now conferred upon you, the greatest Chinaman in America. Should you return to China, you will at once be appointed Doctor General of our Imperial Cavalry.

(Signed) QUONG WA.
Secretary of State.

"Jim" is one of the very old Chinese employes of the Company, coming to the property in 1881, forty-four years ago; his cheerful disposition making him many friends, while his fidelity to the Company has invariably been unswerving, such can likewise be said of almost every man who has remained in the service long enough to absorb the spirit of friendliness and loyalty which it has ever been the good fortune of the Company to command, a relationship born of a desire to render justice at all times and to all men.

Old Timers from each of the Mining districts were called on. Mr. D. G. Thomas paid high tribute to the women of the early towns, describing their dress as quite surpassing anything now designed in Paris or elsewhere. All the ladies thereupon sat up, prepared to "copy" as quickly as a Milliner's assistant on opening day but were not quite sure about details except that the old time dresses were cut on the bias and were long. However, Mr. Thomas had abundant proof all around him of his claim that the ladies of the old days were more beautiful than those of today and everybody waited for his poem, dedicated to the Old Timers:

David G. Thomas

To the Old Timers

Old Timers, come, let us re-light
The dead fires of the past, tonight;
And as we sit around the blaze,
We'll call back happy, by-gone days,
Where joyous Youth and Manhood's prime
Remained with us too brief a time,
And hopes unrealized, and fears,
Lie buried in the grave of years.

Back to the mines. The old oil lamp,
The stagnant air, the deadly damp,
The drills with which we churned the hole
Into the hard and shiny coal;
Placing the shot beside the rib,
Touching it off with a handmade squib
Then waiting nearly half a day
For the hot, black smoke to clear away.

Tonight we'll glance thru mem'ry's door,
To view again the scenes of yore,
When you and I with conscious pride,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
Bravely struggled and fought our way
To where we proudly stand today
Marking time—awaiting the call
That sooner or later comes to all.

And you, O Mothers, sitting there,
With furrowed brows and snowy hair;
Your cheeks perhaps, a little faded,
Your laughing eyes a little shaded;
Tho' envious Time has slowed your paces,
He left you still your handsome faces;
And truly—from my point of view—
These young girls have no edge on you.

We've had our thrills—Ambition's flame
Once burned our souls with worthy aim;
Gathering from the starry skies
The light that dazzles mortal eyes.
Now in the twilight of our days,
We live the quiet, simpler ways,
Watching the shadows growing long,
Sustained always by Love's sweet song.

The old clock's tick, it seems to me,
Is fainter than it used to be;
Old Father Time too often creeps
Away while some poor fellow sleeps,
Leaving to us the battered form
That weathered many a cruel storm,
And o'er his grave we bow and say:
We, too, shall pass like him, some day.

Well—when our time is up, I hope
That none shall ever crouch and grope
In pain and anguish; that the call
Will quickly end it for us all.
And in that house, not made with hands,
The refuge of earth's pilgrim bands—
May we find shelter from the strife
That compassed us so much in life.

Joseph Iredale of Rock Springs recalled the old days, especially the old friends, but suggested that things were better today.

Charles Morgan of Superior, a forty-year man, told about starting as a hoisting engineer and about working in the various towns but was now proud to be from Superior, rightly named and—superior.

Robert Cardwell of Hanna, "Uncle Bob" to the system, admitted being the companion of Joe Iredale in his boyhood pranks in Ohio nearly fifty years ago; recalling the times he worked as a mule driver for sixty cents a day and thought the company management ought to have a vote of thanks for planning "so tremendously a worth while" organization.

Thos. Foster of Winton was poetic but our pencil spat fire as we tried to copy his words. We stopped. Sorry, Mr. Foster.

T. W. Randolph of Rock Springs, next called on, was sure the meeting had been executed in such a manner as to have demonstrated consideration and—well consideration.

Geo. Blacker of Cumberland talked of the boys he had met on June 13th whom he had not seen since he and they were fourteen years old. He told amusing tales about some of the early Almy experiences, fishing and hunting tales; tales about his sweethearting days —well, we we're not so sure about this latter, but we recall something about a large lady who sat on him. He was quite sure he and Mrs. Blacker could still negotiate a snow slide, given a wide enough sleigh, and he bragged about the Cumberland Band for which no one blamed him.

George Young, Vice President of the U. M. W. of A. thanked the Old Timers for their invitation to be present and carried the greetings of his organization. He recalled that some of the decorated Old Timers were the first Chinamen to be admitted to membership in the Union.

W. K. Lee, Rock Springs, recalled old times and rejoiced in the light touch of the "hand of time" and offered Rip Van Winkle's toast; "May your children have rich parents."

P. J. Quealey, of Kemmerer, an old time Union Pacific employee, now, coal operator, banker, stockman and statesman, having entered the service in 1875, greeted the gathering as associates, paying tribute to the character of Mr. Gray of the Union Pacific Railway and Mr. McAuliffe of the Union Pacific Coal Company. He had no quarrel, he said, with Mr. Young of the U. M. W. of A. for signing up the, to-night honored Chinamen, as members of the U. M. W. of A. but he questioned his so signing Mr. McAuliffe. He did, however, wish to suggest that Mr. McAuliffe better be given a red card because they might wish to discharge him some day. Throughout the "Governors" sallies Mrs. Quealey, a much loved little lady, smiled and smiled and smiled.

Honorable T. S. Taliaferro, Jr., congratulated the Old Timers on their splendid record, and told a good story.

Doctor Oliver Chambers, of Rock Springs, genial and helpful always, a man of wide experience on "sea and land"—introduced by the Chairman as a sea-faring man of recent date, suggested that to the old receipt for a good time, "Old Friends—Old Books—Old Wine" should be added—"Old Timers."

Auld Lang Syne was sung and then everybody went to the Ballroom up-stairs for the dance, where old and new dances were tried out until midnight, when, since

James Moon, his son William Moon, his grandson William Moon Jr., all in the employ of the Union Pacific Coal Company; his great-grandson Albert Ackers, with President Eugene McAuliffe, Vice-President George Pryde and Gen. Superintendent A. W. Dickinson.

"the morn was the Sabbath," the Old Timers, loathe indeed to leave each other but promising to meet again next year, said: "Good night, see you next year."

"Should aulde acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
"Should aulde acquaintance be forgot,
And days o'lang syne?"

Mr. James Moon, President Old Timers Association We Salute You

Present among the Old Timers at their Frolic on the 13th of June, 1925, was Mr. James Moon who has a record of fifty-one years of service. This honorable citizen was accompanied by his son, his son's son and his great-grand-son. The great-grand-son is just a little fellow but James Moon, William Moon and William Moon Jr., three generations in direct male line, are in the employ of The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Mr. Moon was elected President of the Old Timers' Association; and Mr. McAuliffe considered Mr. Moon's record and performance so remarkable that he requested the honor of being present in a group picture taken of the four generations and the World News moving picture representative included the Moon family in considerable film footage to be hereafter spread broadcast over the United States. A truly remarkable record Mr. Moon, President of the Old Timers' Association, we salute you.

Mr. Pepys at the Old Timers' Celebration Saturday, June 13th, 1925

Early astir and up betimes as befitteth man who hath an invitation to attend ye celebration of ye Old Timers which invitation saith would continue from ten in the morning until midnight—and in faith it seemeth to me did begin with the arrival of striplings of ye Band of loud music from Cumberland ye evening before. Did dress myself with great care and, regarding the effect of splendor, whereat much delighted, regreteth that Susan hath departed on a visit. A glorious day, bright with strong sunshine but calm, without lofty wind which often prevaileth in these parts, delighteth me much as I go out and along the street with much anticipation. Arriving at ye Club of ye Elks (a Club for ye gentlemen of certain friendly leanings) I do agree that 'twere well ye sun did shine for never before hath gathered so goodly a company of finely favored gentlemen, bent on much large appreciations of each other, as hath gathered to register their names on ye rolls as Old Timers.

At luncheon time did slip myself, into ye shop to lunch. Much interested in two Old Timers, Messers Bob Cardwell and Joseph Iredale partaking of luneh to-gether, speaketh much about boyhood days in Ohio and neglecteth ye lunch to laugh and talk with ye arm of one around ye shoulder of ye other. Much affected to observe how small groups of Old Timers with much absorption discusseth ye old days in Carbon and in Almy which towns seemeth to have been places of much joviality. Much pleased too, to observe beautiful ladies of discrimination regardeth me with appreciation. I, alack, delighted, and cease to regret Susan's absence.

Returning to Elks Club, where ye Old-Timers hath Headquarters, was delighted beyond glass of measure at formation of ye large parade with ye Band and Major Griffith at ye head. Ye Major, being very handsome receiveth many admiring looks, but did not note that many damsels regardeth me—whereat glad I wore my buttoned spats—and ye Major wieldeth ye baton with great ease and effect of elegance. And by all wonders I've ever seen—I most heartily enjoyed ye music of ye Cumberland Band and ye parade but, feeling unequal to marching like a soldier (mistrust I could not march as correctly and erect as doth ye Old Timers) I watched ye parade from ye side street. After that to stroll through ye town and observe interest of townsmen in ye Day of ye Old Timers and in decorations of Shop windows where were colors of Old Timers displayed. Much favorable comment on ye festal celebration and appearance of ye parade as members were recognized.

Afterward at six of ye clock my Lord Mayor, our Mr. Chris Johnson, Senator Parks, Mr. Quealey, a jovial gentleman, and I to Banquet, a rare repast and a more rare feast of much genial reminisences of ye boyhood pranks, ye hard days, ye good and joyful tymes—and sometimes ye tymes of sadness, whereat latter, much distressed.

Most interested in ye antics of ye Leader of ye songs and ye orders to sing, lacking in respect as ye leader wished to "crack ye ice and ye plaster," as also was ye estatic remark of certain fair damsel that ye Old Timers "certainly could put on a snappy pep meeting." Save us, it smacked of ye modern horror, ye flapper! Most strange, too, ye Old Timers regardeth it all with favor and sang ye songs with spirit of extreme fervency and did wax most eloquent in address, making large play with each other and singing songs about ye old towns—and about each other. Judge Thomas, ye poet, remarketh to me it hath added many years to his life to be able to meet friends of boyhood, youth and manhood. Methink many others felt so too.

Twenty men who serveth with the Company for forty years were given ye decoration of solid gold with ye engraving of ye name on back—a button of beautiful dimension and design. Ye gentlemen stood in a row while ye President of ye Company made ye speeches and ye presentation, and Mrs. McAuliffe, a lady of much beauty, many graces of manner and more of heart, pinned ye buttons on. Ye Company sand Auld Lang Syne much better than is this song usually sung in these times.

After ye Banquet to ye Ball in ye same Club, with much alacrity. Enjoyed same and thus did the day end with joy everywhere—and so to bed.

DOCTOR DOYLE JOSLIN SAYS THE CUMBERLAND BAND IS A WHIZZ—SO DO WE

Whazzis? How Come? So my picture is to be in the next issue of The Magazine, eh, what! That's just too bad. Somebody is going to say, "How very undignified and unbecoming of that young doctor." Aw right, that's my business—dignity was never one of my long suits.

However, the purpose of this epistle—if there seems to be any to the reader—is a short homily on Community Singing. Getting any crowd to sing, and making them enjoy their own singing is not such a job as it might seem, at first glance. The arch conspirator in the crime must, as a prerequisite be unafraid of the sound of his own voice, or unembarrassed by whatever may be the shortcomings of his personal appearance. Secondly, there must be no holes in his lungs. Thirdly, he must have both arms and legs, and be able to use 'em. Practically the same things apply to the gang that are going to cause the atmosphere to burst into agonizing vibrations. Community singing is infectious, and is a fast spreading one, too, if fed the right culture media, to quote "Arrowsmith." "I have inveigled many a crowd into so far forgetting themselves as to sing, and have watched other song leaders at their noisy trade, and seen them go through the trying period of the first one or two songs, into an evening of tintinabulating enjoyment for everybody." (Get the Poe stuff—keen, what!) With regard to aforesaid period, it is that which has sent many a song leader down in chagrin from the dignified cracker-box. They forget that an audience is like a flivver, has to be warmed up before it will run properly. When I started out to perpetrate this crime, I intended to give away a few tricks of the

Whaddya say! Le's sing! Doctor Doyle Joslin, song leader, is "with ya till the ice cracks" at the Old Timers' Banquet. Mrs. Mary Morris is pianist.

trade, but don't think at the present writing, that they are worth getting a copyright on.

Well, laying all this gab aside, I am glad of the opportunity to thank everybody for their fortitude and long suffering in refraining from giving me a Kitchen-garden Shower on the evening of the 13th.

The Cumberland Band was the snakes hips, though, wasn't it? Why can't we get something going like that down in this part of this Vale of Tears? Really now, no kiddin', didn't they play splendidly. It's some job that—organizing a band. Just about as hard as trying to get a joint meeting of the Ku Klux and the African Methodist Synod. Means a lot of hard work, too. Figure up the number of calories a bass-drummer burns up—heck, there I go again. Yes, and figure up the way the hats seem smaller to the townspeople of Cumberland. Don't blame 'em, do you. Aw rats (at least that's all I can say in this letter, but you get the idea) there goes the phone. Somebody been hit on the head and had both the arches of their feet broken, I suppose, so I'll have to chuck this. Ill wind that blows nobody any good, what?

OLD TIMERS' ASSOCIATION CELEBRATE WITH PARADE AND BALL GAME AT ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.

The Old Timers had come to town on the eve and on the morning of June 13th, were ready for more excitement. The friendly Wyoming sun welcomed the scene of their assembly before the Elks Home at 11:30 A. M., all prepared for whatever lark might come next. It was announced that a parade and ball game were in order and George Griffiths, the peerless Drum Major of southern Wyoming, was present by request, to lead the parade. Major Griffiths was a commanding figure, a grey haired man of over six feet in height with shoulders squared and head erect; a Grenadier Guards-man of the British Army with medals presented for valor in the Sudan and South African campaigns.

At the Major's signal, the waiting band broke into a stirring march and the Old Timers paraded two and two, forming a line fifteen hundred feet in length. Many men were in line who appeared very youthful to have served for twenty years, but it will be remembered that until recent years boys entered the coal mines at a very early age. .Well toward the rear of the column marched the President and also the General Manager of The Union Pacific Coal Company, proud of their privilege to be present with the Old Timers on their holiday. A moving picture operator from one of the World News corporations raced along with the parade, placing his car at various vantage points and securing photographs of the line of march. Following the foot marchers were many automobiles containing the more elderly of the men and many of the wives, mothers and sweethearts of the marchers.

At the ball park the men entered the grand stand and witnessed a very lively contest between the Rock Springs and Reliance base ball teams. And if memory carried, Joe Iredale of Rock Springs and Bob Cardwell of Hanna, back to a corner lot of a small town in Ohio where they swung the bat for lot Three team; Judge Thomas of Rock Springs into the umpire's stand where he used to call the balls and Bob Muir to the day a group of Rock Springs lads first introduced him to the great American game, they were none the less aware of the play as it progressed. After much loud fanning on the part of Jack Armstrong and his supporters the game was lost for Rock Springs, the result in score being 8 to 5 in favor of Reliance.

A STRANGER AT THE OLD TIMERS' CELEBRATION

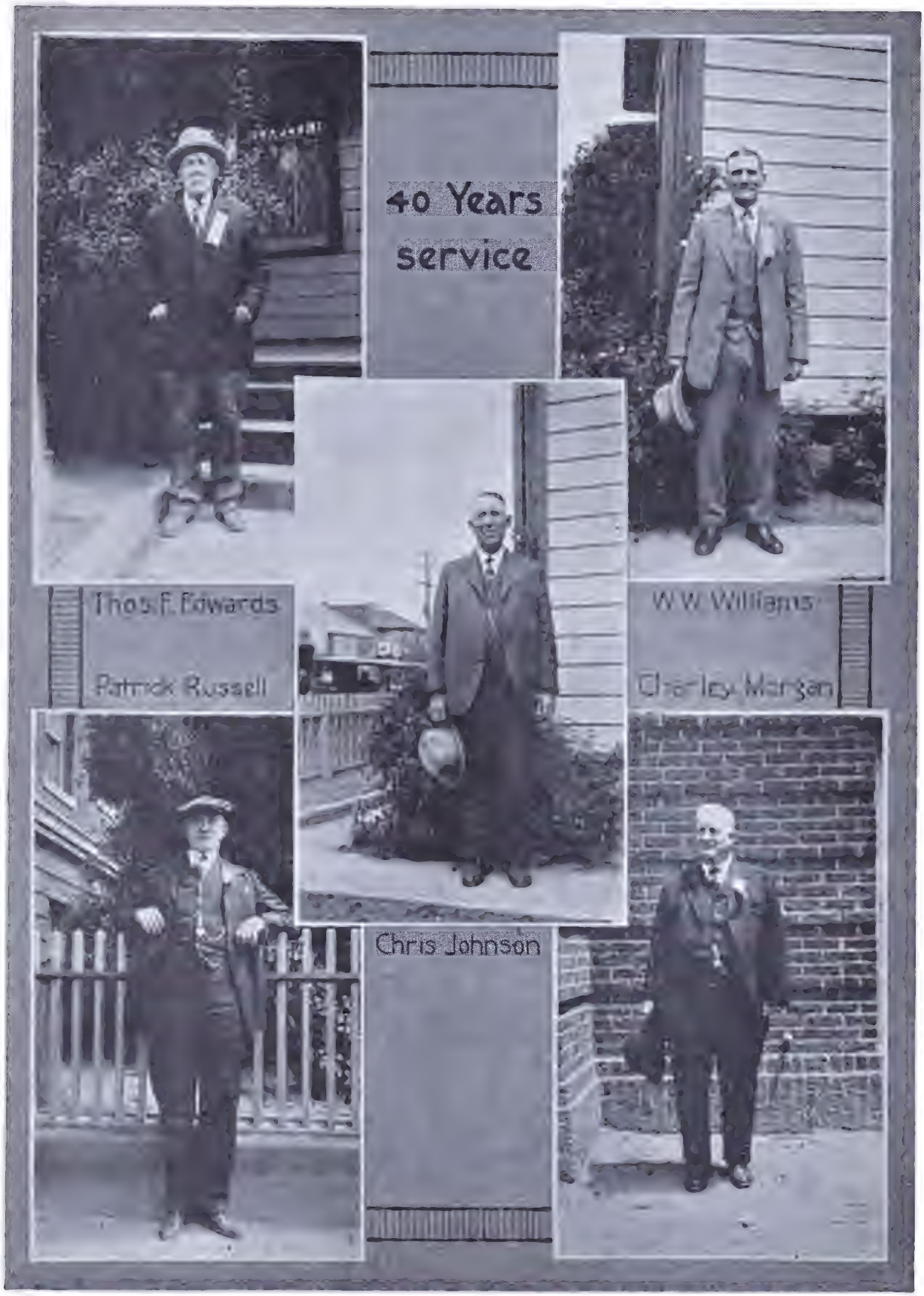
By F. P. Goethke

A gala day in Rock Springs! The hustle and bustle of registration, the greeting of old friends, the hard fought ball game, the enthusiastic parade, band-playing, the presentation of Service Buttons!

What was it all about? The stranger in town had been informed that June 13th was to be "Old Timers' Day." The Union Pacific Coal Company had declared this day a holiday in order to pay fitting tribute to those men who had served the company from twenty to fifty years, and to assist these men in organizing an Old Timers' Association. Why? The stranger failed for some time to grasp the spirit of the thing, BECAUSE HE WAS A STRANGER. Was all this enthusiasm and good feeling between employes and corporation officials genuine? Was it sincere? Or was it merely evidence of the good spirits which attends any day of leisure and merry-making? Still, something deeper, something richer seemed to permeate these people. They were not only merry. They were proud! They were glowing!

That evening the stranger, by courtesy of the management, attended a banquet at which were present some four hundred people—Old Timers and their wives, company officials, and a few invited guests. An excellent menu was served; Girl Scouts, daughters and grand-daughters of Old Timers, serving the various courses. Then followed music by the Cumberland band, solos by gifted youngsters, and reading of poetry composed especially for the occasion. Community singing of old favorites and local parodies warmed the hearts and loosened the tongues of those present. Old Timers from the various Districts were called upon for short talks, and well they responded; some with witty reminiscences, some with poetry, and some with sober reflection on the gradual improvement that had come in their working and living conditions as the years passed. Twenty Old Timers who had been in the employ of The Union Pacific Coal Company over forty years, one over fifty years, were personally presented with Gold Service Buttons which were put on their coats by Mrs. McAuliffe. Nor were the wives and mothers of the Old Timers forgotten. Those gracious ladies were fittingly lauded, especially in the poem composed and read by Mr. D. G. Thomas, and in the remarks of Mr. Eugene McAuliffe.

As the evening wore on it gradually dawned on the stranger that this was real, that this was genuine love


40 Years
service
Thos. F. Edwards
Patrick Russell
W. W. Williams
Charley Morgan
Chris Johnson

of man for his fellow-man; that the good-will which existed between the Old Timers and the Company they had served so long was a sincere and lasting thing.

What is it that man loves? Is it the dashing, spectacular things in life? No. Man loves that with which he has been long associated and which has never failed him. Why is it that man as he goes through life bearing hardships, harassed sometimes by ill-fortune, failed by former friends, will turn his thoughts to his mother for spiritual comfort? Because he was long associated with her and her love is constant, unfailing. It is something he can depend upon always. A comet appears in the sky. It is beautiful, awe-inspiring! Do we love it? No. We thrill to it momentarily but we do not see it long enough to love it. We love the constant star, the star which is not nearly so bright and flashy as the comet, but whose soft glow is always there when we look for it.

An Old Timer from the outlying District of Cumberland in the course of his remarks exclaimed: "I love dear old Cumberland," and sincerity rang in his voice. Have you ever seen Cumberland? If you have you know it could not have been love at first sight. Many long years he has toiled in that harsh little village, nestling among Wyoming's barren hills. But Cumberland has never failed him. He is known and appreciated there. He can depend on Cumberland.

And so the stranger came to realize and understand what had occasioned this outburst of mutual good feeling. For over forty years have some of the Old Timers found their Company reliable and dependable, and for over forty years has the Company found the Old Timers equally loyal and faithful. How fortunate are those who may look back over a quarter, some even a half century, of service to mankind to find that that service was of such a nature as to leave them filled with pride, with a serene knowledge of obligations faithfully discharged. The stranger is a young-timer, but has traveled to many mining towns, and nowhere has he seen the spirit of confidence and loyalty between management and old employes manifested in such high degree. May the Old Timers' Association prosper, and may it serve to perpetuate the good-will existent on the night of this banquet.

THE MUSICAL PROGRAM FOR THE OLD TIME WIVES

By One of Them

Of course we were proud to see our Old Timers step off for the Baseball Park led by the Cumberland Band, with Major Griffiths waving his drum major's baton at the head. As the column passed the Railroad Station Park and the old boys glanced at the banner put up by Division Six of the Union Pacific Railroad Old Timers' Association, one of the "forty and over" Old Timers was heard to remark, "Those engineers, conductors and station men have nothing on us. I'll say so! So would they if they could see us and hear our band. Shucks, General Manager Jeffers thinks a lot of his North Platte band, but he better come up to Cumberland on the Short Line where they pick bands out of the clear sky."

For those of us who Dave Thomas said were yet as beautiful as the girls of today, but whose years made it necessary to forego the ball game, a beautiful and inspiring musical program was arranged for in the Elks Building, so after lunch we gathered there to listen to the following program:

Overture .....Brueggeman's Orchestra
Piano Duet...Scouts Alice O'Donnell and Louise Page
Musical Number, "Salute to the Colors".....
.....Brueggeman's Quartet
Classical Dance.....Miss Ethel Feldscher
March .....Brueggeman's Orchestra
Song .....Miss Grace Johnston
Topical Songs.....Masters Miller and O'Donnell
Violin Solo .....Sylvan Ward
Selection, "Violets" (Kern).Brueggeman's Orchestra
Recitation, "Rock Springs".....Mrs. Mary Outsen
Accompanist, Mrs. Mary Morris

Every selection, including numerous extras, was beautifully rendered, and best of all was the feeling that this part of the day's entertainment was for we wives, mothers and "daughters of men," and for us alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Friend—Tono Pioneers

By Mrs. R. Murray

JUNE, that magic month of brides and roses, marks the eighteenth anniversary of Charles Friend's arrival in Tono.

The mine was then a mere prospect hole known locally as the Hannaford Big Seam but of undetermined extent otherwise, and the two existing houses —a cook shack and a farm house built some 35 years previous—constituted the settlement. Mr. Friend was so struck with the new camp that in August he sent to Issaquah for his family. Mrs. Friend had previously visited the camp and was not very favorably impressed; but remembering the "Whither thou goest" clause in the wedding ceremony she sold most of her household goods and, packing such hand luggage as she and the children could manage, embarked for what is now Tono.

Reaching Bucoda, the nearest railroad station, and seeing no means of transportation, they decided to walk the intervening three miles. Have you ever awakened at night bathed in cold perspiration, gasping for breath with your heart beating like a trip hammer, after floundering through an almost impenetrable forest over fallen trees and stumps with nothing but intuition as a guide, the trees so thick and tall that no ray of sunlight could filter through their branches, expecting momentarily to run smack into a galliwampus or a whoosis? You have? Well then you understand Mrs. Friend's nightmare. The heat was almost unbearable, but like true pioneers they pushed on, each mile seeming to double itself. What a relief to reach the small clearing, to be in Tono at last!

Housekeeping was rather a difficult proposition in those days. Supplies were often delayed because of the very bad roads. No luxuries and mighty few of the bare necessities were available; drinking water was scarce and the one well was out of commission.

No barber would come to such an out-of-the-way place, so the men neither shaved themselves, or like Charles Friend, earned the sobriquet "Whiskers."

The Friends make a long-to-be-remembered trip

The One with rolled Sox is "Whisker's" Friend.

For eighteen years "Whiskers" has been Mine Foreman and during that time his uniformly square dealing with the men has earned him their unqualified respect. Always cheerful—or most always, unless some miner forgets that sights in a mine are for a purpose, and then "Whiskers" says things, ending the controversy by telling the miner a good story. In addition to quite a reputation as a story teller, Mr. Friend has one for being a confirmed gallant.

Of late years Mrs. Friend has not had very good health but she always manages to keep a spotless house. She is noted for her activity in community affairs and is a ministering neighbor to those in need. Five children came to bless the Friend home. Roy, Wilbur and Pheobe, made the famous trip from Bucoda, while Carrol and Byrd are native sons, all having attended the local schools. Roy met with a fatal accident in the Logging Camp in 1918. Wilbur and Pheobe are happily married, and you may rest assured that Mr. and Mrs. Friend are mighty proud of their little granddaughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Friend have watched Tono grow from the tiny hamlet of 1907 to the fine mining town of today; they have watched the building of the railroad and of the country roads from Centralia and Bucoda; the erection of 115 dwellings and a creditable school. They have seen the valleys drained and the swamps evolve into lawns and flower gardens. The woods have been denuded and the slashing burned, and the "galliwampus and whoosis" have been forced to seek other quarters, and even the rats that "Whiskers" loved to shoot from the steps of the old barn house are gone.

Today we complain of poor roads and constantly kick about the sanitary conditions, but not many of us would have had the courage and fortitude to battle the rats, and wade mud "hip deep to a tall Indian" as did our pioneer family—the Friends.

Cumberland School Closed on May 22nd

ON May twenty-second the Cumberland Schools completed their nine-month term. The school year has been a very successful one and material improvements have been made in the equipment and condition of the buildings during the year. The No. One school is now standardized and the high school work has been accredited by the State Department of Education. Two years of accredited high school work will be offered next year and an additional teacher has been obtained, making nine members in the faculty.

Each department of the school has presented one or more operettas or programs during the year which have all been very well received by large audiences. Much credit is due Miss Southard and Miss Dale for their work in connection with these entertainments.

The members of the School Board which is comprised of George A. Brown, President; Anna Miller, Secretary, and Samuel Wilde, Treasurer, deserve special commendation for the excellent spirit of co-operation they have shown throughout the school year and their ever-willingness to do everything within their power for the improvement of the schools. It has been gratifying to the members of the faculty and especially to the Superintendent of Schools to work with these splendid board members.

Albert L. Keeney, Supt. of Schools, announces that the following teachers have been engaged for the ensuing school year:

No. One School

Asal H. Chittim of Hulett, Wyo., Principal.
Margaret Dale of Shenandoah, Iowa, Grammar.
Coy Southard of Shenandoah, Iowa, Intermediate.
Mabelle Amundson of Tracy, Minn., Primary.

No. Two School

Melvin Chandler of Grovont, Wyo., Principal.
Minnie Huseby of Ten Sleep, Wyo., Grammar.
Virginia Peterson of Topeka, Kansas, Intermediate.
Grayce Timmreck of Cokeville, Wyo., Primary.

"Granny Higgins," Superior

Granny Higgins and her granddaughter, Betty Jo Smith, vacationing in California

Mrs. W. T. Higgins came to Wyoming from England thirty-nine years ago. She is a Carbonite having, on her arrival from England, first lived in Carbon, the town which developed an esprit de corps always evident when Carbonites get together. She moved to Superior seventeen years ago and has seen it grow from a tiny hamlet of tents and houses to the busy mining town it now is.

Mrs. Higgins has three daughters and one son and is a familiar figure in Superior where she is "Granny" to the whole community.

A Little Child's Grave

THERE is something more than sadness connected with the death of a child. Separate and apart from the pangs of parting, there is always the feeling that "the chance that was theirs" was suddenly snatched away, and that both the child and the world lost one whose life work might, if opportunity offered, have achieved more than common.

Thousands of little children die annually, the majority we trust blessed with the undying love of a good mother, their sufferings assuaged by the ministrations of skilled physicians and nurses, who invariably do their best. There are, unfortunately, some children who come into the world without a welcome and who are, to a large extent, compelled to battle as best they can with conditions that never should be the lot of a helpless child. Then there is another coming we might speak of, and to which class most likely the little one the subject of this sketch belonged; the children born to the courageous pioneers who, placing comforts behind them, went out to conquer the wilderness, there to make homes for themselves and their children and their children's children.

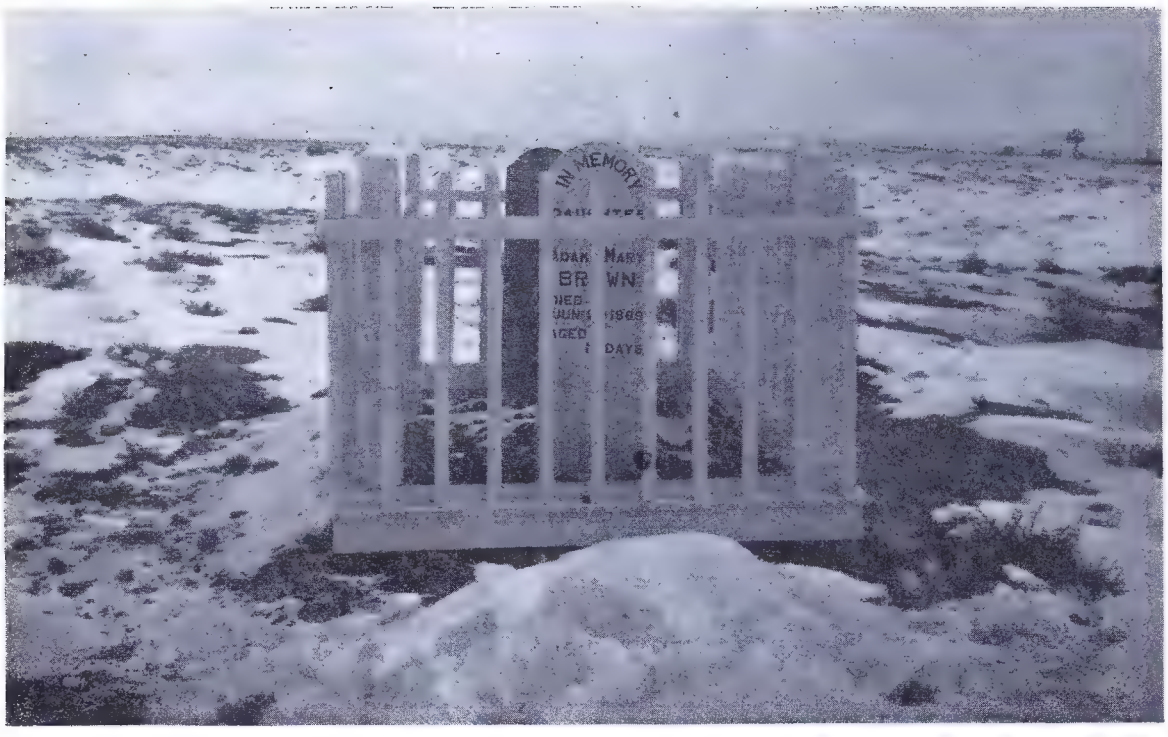
We hear much of the "Covered Wagon," perhaps we should hear more of it. The covered wagon is a concommitant of our civilization and the two peoples who have made it a vital and significant instrument of mans progress, the Anglo-Saxon and the Dutch hold high places in the ranks of those who have "sought the ends of the earth to make them blossom as the rose." The great trek from New England and the Atlantic Seacoast across the Applachain Mountains into the broad valleys of the Ohio, the Wabash and the Mississippi, were but the beginning. The supreme test of racial hope, faith and courage was shown by the men, women and children, who made their way across the great plains, the towering mountains and the withering deserts of the then unkown West. With those pioneers who had put associations, homes and kindred behind them, perhaps forever, the grim messenger kept daily company in their long journeying; the savage Indian, droughts, tempests, heat and cold, starvation—and yet life must carry on—birth—death.

When the Union Pacific Railroad was working its way across the plains, the mountains and the deserts of the West, to link the nation together, a construction camp sprung into existence some 837 miles west of Omaha. This settlement was named "Bryan," and was said to have had but one real rival in its claim for supremacy as the roughest construction camp on the line of the Pacific Railroads. Today all is gone of the old camp-site and a few orderly section houses and a station building constitute the town of Bryan. Beyond the station building there lies a wind-swept hill, the formation, gravel, sand and clay, laid down by force of water movement, no vegetation softening the icy wind-swept chilliness of winter or the torrid blasts of summer. Twenty-five miles east by north, Pilot Butte, a mass of igneous rock used as a guide by the pioneers of early days and the men who fly the Air Mail planes of today, can be seen, and southwest sixty miles away Gilbert peak, one of the towering monarchs of the Uinta Mountains, rears its snowy summit 13,422 feet above sea level. Under foot, without even the saving grace of a growth of sage brush, one can count more than a hundred sunken, unmarked graves, the resting place of men who died during the construction period, scattered among whom doubtless lie the dust of the men and women who pandered to the vices and preyed on the weakness of the rough fellows who built the tracks.

Stopping one torrid, dust laden windy day in September, 1924, to gratify a certain curiosity and to count the unmarked graves we found on the bleakest point of this flat-topped hill what was left of a rough, unpainted little fence, with a fallen head-board, on which, barely descipherable, was an inscription originally burned into the board with a hot iron, which read:

IN MEMORY
DAUGHTER
OF
ADAM AND MARY
BROWN
DIED JUNE 20, 1869
AGED 11 DAYS

The long, long trail toward the setting sun, with the mother's heart in the little wind-swept grave.



The grave as it looked in January of this year.

The employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company, feeling that the memory of this pioneer woman's sufferings should not be forgotten, erected the fence and head-board shown in the picture, and it stands snow-white above the unmarked graves of the men who died, many of them with their boots on, when the race to unite the East and the West was on.

Somewhere in the far West, California, Oregon or Washington, either Adam or Mary Brown, though now old, may be yet living, if not, later children may survive. In any case, we are all the better for the task done. Perhaps when the final day comes this spirit of the little child, unnamed, perhaps unblessed, may lead the booted host to better things.

The Ball Tossers

THE famous Union Pacific Coal Company baseball league that started off with such wonderful prospects for a successful season was forced to abandon its schedule because of lack of support from one of the teams.

This will not be the death of baseball at our towns, the players in the other teams are as enthusiastic as ever, and will continue to play among themselves, also with outside teams each Sunday.

Morgan Roberts of Rock Springs who was one of the main supporters of the league, is arranging for a tournament to be held in Rock Springs early in August at the First Aid Park, the plans as formed include the Rock Springs and Reliance teams of the Union Pacific league, with six of the fastest outside teams in Wyoming and Utah, to play an elimination contest over a period of three days. The team that wins from all opponents will receive a substantial cash prize; the losing teams will share in the gate receipts for the series.

Undoubtedly this tournament will be very attractive to the baseball fans, as the fastest teams in this section of the country will be seen in action.

The next issue of the magazine will give the names of the teams and the dates set for the tournament.

The Union Pacific Coal Company teams of Rock Springs and Reliance played a fast game of ball at First Aid Park, Rock Springs, June 13th for the benefit of the "Old Timers." Reliance was the winner, but only after a hard tussle.

The Cumberland band marched to the ball park followed by Old Timers, guests and officials of the Union Pacific Coal Company, the amount of yelling coming from that direction certainly expressed the sentiments of the crowd, as every one enjoyed the game.

On Sunday, June 14th, the Reliance Union Pacific Coal Company team played at Dines with Gilbert Davis' boys, Reliance taking a good trimming from the Colony team.

Mr. Davis has a fine team of good clean baseball players; if they enter the tournament some one is liable to get a big surprise; they will measure up with most of the amateur teams of this locality.

The Green River Bat Breakers came over Sunday to show the U. P. Coal Company team at Rock Springs how to knock home runs, but for some unknown reason they failed to connect the bat with the ball, so after getting a good beating they decided to go back to the town on the river and choose a more appropriate name for their organization.

The Reliance and Rock Springs Company teams would like to try out against the Cumberland and Hanna teams. They invite both teams to write for games. Address letters to H. M. McComas, Reliance, Wyoming and Morgan Roberts, Rock Springs.

The Story of Epaminondas and His Auntie

EPAMINONDAS used to go to see his Auntie 'most every day, and she nearly always gave him something to take home to his Mammy.

One day she gave him a big piece of cake; nice, yellow, rich gold-cake.

Epaminondas took it in his fist and held it all scrunched up tight, like this, and came along home. By the time he got home there wasn't anything left but a fistful of crumbs. His Mammy said:

"What you got there, Epaminondas?"

"Cake, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

"Cake!" said his Mammy. "Epaminondas, you ain't got the sense you was born with! That's no way to carry cake. The way to carry cake is to wrap it all up nice in some leaves and put it in your hat, and put your hat on your head, and come along home. You hear me, Epaminondas?"

"Yes, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

Next day Epaminondas went to see his Auntie, and she gave him a pound of butter for his Mammy; fine, fresh, sweet butter.

Epaminondas wrapped it up in leaves and put it in his hat, and put his hat on his head, and come along home. It was a very hot day. Pretty soon the butter began to melt. It melted, and melted, and as it melted it ran down Epaminondas' forehead; then it ran over his face, and in his ears, and down his neck. When he got home, all the butter Epaminondas had was on him. His Mammy looked at him, and then she said:

"Law's sake! Epaminondas, what you got in your hat?"

"Butter, M a m m y," said Epaminondas, "Auntie gave it to me."

"Butter!" said his Mammy. "Epaminondas, you ain't got the sense you was born with! Don't you know that's no way to carry butter? The way to carry butter is to wrap it up in some leaves and take it down to the brook, and cool it in the water, and cool it in the water, and cool it in the water, and then take it on your hands, careful, and bring it along home."

"Yes, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

By and by, another day, Epaminondas went to see his Auntie again, and this time she gave him a little new puppy-dog to take home.

Epaminondas put it in some leaves and took it down to the brook; and there he cooled it in the water, and cooled it in the water, and cooled it in the water; then he took it in his hands and came along home. When he got home, the puppy-dog was dead. His Mammy looked at it and she said:

"Law's sake! Epaminondas, what you got there?"

"A puppy-dog, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

"A puppy-dog!" said his mother. "My gracious sakes alive, Epaminondas, you ain't got the sense you was born with! That ain't the way to carry a puppy-dog! The way to carry a puppy-dog is to take a long piece of string and tie one end of it round the puppy-dog's neck and put the puppy-dog on the ground, and take hold of the other end of the string and come along home, like this."

"All right, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

Next day, Epaminondas went to see his Auntie again, and when he came to go home she gave him a loaf of bread to carry to his Mammy; a brown, fresh, crusty loaf of bread.

So Epaminondas tied a string around the end of the loaf and took hold of the end of the string and came along home, like this. When he got home his Mammy looked at the thing on the end of the string, and she said:

Epaminondas

"My laws a-massy! Epaminondas, what you got there on the end of that string?"

"Bread, M a m m y," said Epaminondas, "Auntie gave it to me."

"Bread!!!" said his Mammy. "O Epaminondas, Epaminondas, you aint got the sense you was born with; you never did have the sense you was born with; you never will have the sense you was born with! Now I ain't gwine tell you any more ways to bring truck home. And don't you go see your Auntie neither. I'll go see her my own self. But I'll just tell you one thing, Epaminondas! You see these here six mince pies I done make? You see how I don set 'em on the doorstep to cool? Well, now, you hear me, Epaminondas, you be careful how you step on those pies!"

"Yes, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

Then Epaminondas's Mammy put on her bonnet and her shawl and took a basket in her hand and went away to see Auntie. The six mince pies sat cooling in a row on the doorstep.

And then—and then—Epaminondas was careful how he stepped on those pies.

He stepped—right—in—the—middle—o f—every—one.

And, do you know, children, nobody knows what happened next! The person who told me the story didn't know; nobody knows. But you can guess.

The Lamb

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake.

Matter of Interpretation

"Do you really love that girl you're going with?"
"As much as she'll let me."

Rock Springs

Mrs. F. L. McCarty and baby daughter have returned from a visit with relatives in Evanston.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carleson of Idaho Falls have been visiting Mrs. Carleson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Iredale.

Mr. F. L. McCarty has purchased a new Dodge sedan.

Carl J. Carlson, Machine-boss at E Plane, was confined to his home a few days to have his eyes treated.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Outsen motored to Kemmerer to visit their daughter, Mrs. Keeler.

Morgan Roberts has purchased the Ford touring car formerly used by the Enginering Department.

Thomas Dodds and family, of Cumberland, drove down for a visit with friends and relatives, over Sunday.

Charles, Jr., and George Wassung have gone to California where they expect to locate.

G. L. Stevenson and James Macdonald motored to Pinedale to witness the launching of Dr. Oliver Chambers' new Dodge motor boat on Fremont Lake.

Swan Swanson and family have moved to Winton where Mr. Swanson has taken the position of Chief Electrician.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. LeMarr are visiting in the northern part of the state. They expect to be gone two weeks.

H. L. Denson, of E Plane, is operating the new paint machine that has just been received and is now painting the pumphouse at No. 6.

The four-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fresques died on June 4th. They have the sympathy of the community.

Mr. and Mrs. R .M. Payne have gone to Missouri where they expect to locate.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wise have returned from Oklahoma, where they were called by the death of Mr. Wise's brother, George.

Alex Henetz has been in Idaho the past six weeks but has now returned to work in No. 4 Mine.

Mrs. Elmer Cress and children have gone to Indiana where they expect to spend the summer with Mrs. Cress' parents.

The new filling-station at the Company Store is nearly completed and adds greatly to the appearance of the Store.

Mrs. Thomas Overy and daughter have returned from a visit in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. Eliga Daniels were called to Salt Lake City by the death of Mrs. Daniels' sister, Mrs. Frank Overy.

Mr. and Mrs. John McTee, Sr., have returned from a vacation spent in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

Howard Young, son of Gavin Young, had his foot injured while at work on the tipple at E Plane on June 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. James Macdonald, Sr., are in Laramie. Mrs. Macdonald has been sick the past few months and it is hoped the change will benefit her health.

Winton

On Monday evening, May 18th, certificates were presented to eleven students of the Megeath Grammar School, who completed their school work. Miss Jessie McDiarmid and Mrs. Shedden, County Superintendent, were present and a splendid program was given in connection with the exercises.

The Egildson Brothers diamond drilling crew at work here have already sunk one hole and are progressing rapidly with the second hole. They are drilling test holes to the No. 1 Seam.

Mrs. R. A. Jolley has been confined to the Wyoming General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Merrill moved to Superior Sunday, June 14th, where they expect to locate permanently.

Old Timers from Winton who attended the celebration on June 13th, were Thos. Foster, James Besso and Tony Tomich.

A Community Council meeting was held at the Mine Office on Monday, June 1st. Preparations for the Girl Scout encampment to be held this summer were made.

Dr. and Mrs. Cody spent a week in the east, visiting relatives. Dr. A. L. Pollard of Dines attended the office during their absence

Mr. Alf Liddiard has returned to work after a brief visit to Utah and Idaho.

Mrs. Geo. Herd has been very ill with an attack of influenza.

Mr. Jimmie Jones and family of Reliance are now located here.

Miss Lucille Finney left for Laramie June 15th, where she will attend the summer session at the University.

Superior

During the month of May, the High School gave a barn dance. It certainly was a success. Hay was used in an effective decoration scheme. Quardilles, circle two-steps and all the rest of the old time dances were revived for the evening.

Mary Arnoldi and her little brother, James, children of Leo Arnoldi, Superior.

The music recital given in the High School assembly room on May 14th by pupils of Miss Ruby Hansen was quite an event. The boys and girls showed a marked improvement over their work of last year.

The Juniors and Seniors gave a banquet on May 14th in the Home Economics department at the High School. The members of the school board and their wives and the High School faculty were guests of the Juniors and Seniors. A wonderful dinner was prepared in the Home Economics department and served by the ninth and tenth grade girls. This banquet is the first of the kind held in Superior schools.

The Community council went on a wienie roast on May 15th. The council has completed plans for three play grounds and has found suitable locations on "B," "C," and "D" hills. Work is to start immediately.

Dr. R. H. Sanders left on May 18th for a visit with relatives in Alabama. Dr. Doyle Joslin of Rock Springs helped Dr. W. F. McDill during Dr. Sander's absence.

Mrs. Nellie George and Mrs. Enry Swanson have been ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hellewell and children have moved to Sacramento, Calif.

Mary Milanovich and Frank Eskenberry were married June 11th. The couple have gone to the groom's home in Michigan.

Dr. Cunnington, dentist, has moved to Pinedale for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Shorty Powell have moved to Winton.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Gardner have moved to Reliance.

Mrs. Joe Moser returned from Grand Junction, Colorado, on June 2nd.

Mrs. William McIntosh and children spent two weeks at Lava Hot Springs.

Wm. Matthew attended the Shriners' Convention at Los Angeles.

Mrs. Wm. Matthew and family are visiting friends in Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lemon have moved to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Taylor are the proud parents of a baby girl, born June 2nd.

Mrs. Massey has returned to Superior after an extended visit with friends in Denver.

Dr. and Mrs. Sanders returned from their vacation on June 11th.

Mr. D. R. MacKay was a business visitor at Reliance June 8th. Mrs. MacKay accompanied him on the trip.

The Ladies' Guild met at the home of Mrs. John Yednak on June 11th. She was pleasantly surprised by the shower given her by the ladies.

Mrs. Joe Moser has returned from the hospital feeling much better.

Reliance

At the last meeting of the Woman's Club the sum of forty dollars was donated to the Girl Scouts to help defray the expenses of their annual summer outing. Their Camp will be at New Fork Lake. Mrs. Floyd Roberts was elected to fill the unfinished term of Mrs. Thos. Foster, resigned, as Secretary of the club.

Mrs. Jack Portwood is sufficiently recovered to be home again.

Steve Kolakis is in the Wyoming General Hospital with a fractured leg.

Mr. Brombo is able to be around on crutches. He had an accident in the mine that resulted in a badly bruised ankle.

Randolph Ebeling, our genial butcher, is spending a months vacation in California. His place is being filled by John Stark.

Thos. Foster and family moved to Megeath May 31st and the Superintendent's house is undergoing a thorough renovation for Mr. and Mrs. Holen.

The Community Council gave another of their justly popular dances the latter part of June. The funds raised will be used to help the Boy and Girl Scouts finance their outing at New Fork Lake next month. A good crowd attended. Reliance has a reputation for old-time dancing.

Dave and Helen Freeman were notified of the death of a sister, Mrs. Frank Overy, in Salt Lake. The sympthy of the community is extended to them.

The annual school picnic was held at Six Mile on May 26th. The youngsters took part in races of all sorts with cash prizes for each race. Ice cream and lemonade were served and with the bountiful lunches taken by everybody the children claim to have had a good time so the picnic may be voted a success.

Jimmie Jones and family moved to Megeath the last of the month where Mr. Jones will be employed in the mines.

Chas. Graham and family have left for an extended motor trip.

"Billy" Booth, formerly safety man in No. 4, is moving to American Falls, Idaho, where he has purchased a home. His sons, Joe and Bill, will engage in the garage business there. The best wishes of the whole camp go with them.

Cumberland

Mr. Spencer Williams of Salt Lake City has been visiting his sons, Lawrence and Ben Williams of Cumberland.

Cumberland Band gave a band concert in Triangle Park at Kemmerer Sunday afternoon and gave the Kemmerer folks quite a surprise.

The 8th grade Commencement Exercises were held at No. One hall on May 12th. The class consisted of twenty-five members all of who received their 8th grade diploma. The speakers of the evening were Mr. G. A. Brown, who gave the opening address, Mr. Davidson of Laramie, and Miss Grace Mallow, who presented the diplomas to the class. This is the first time exercises have been held for the 8th grade in Cumberland. The Board of Education has arranged to present high school work next year.

Mrs. T. J. Dobbs spent a week visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Thompson of Rock Springs.

The Misses Mary and Ada Goddard are visiting their mother Mrs. Harry Goddard of Town Two.

The Cumberland and Diamondville base ball teams clashed on the home diamond Sunday, June 17. Score ended 6-7 favoring Diamondville.

Mrs. Wright Walker has been absent two weeks visiting friends and relatives in Salt Lake, Provo and Hiawatha, Utah.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilcox, a baby girl, May 20th.

Mr. Bert Williams is driving a new Essex Coach.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Kobler died May 30. The community extends its sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and family spent a week visiting at Superior.

Misses Janet and Buelah Buchanan of Coalville are visiting relatives at Town Two.

The many friends of Peter Boam Sr. are glad to see him around again after a week's illness.

Miss Bernice Stookey, Home Demonstration Agent, accompanied by Miss Rokhar of the University of Wyoming gave a very interesting lecture at the Hall, Friday afternoon on "Beautifying the Home."

Mr. John Hunter, Sr., who has been absent visiting relatives in Scotland for several months has returned to Cumberland.

Miss Janet McKucher and Miss Dorrit Johnson who have spent the past nine months teaching at Cumberland are leaving for Los Angeles, Calif., where they will attend summer school.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Mazzoni of Town Two and Bert Galasse and brothers and mother departed for San Francisco where they will make their future home.

Cumberland baseball boys went to Randolph Sunday June 7, where they defeated the Randolph Base Ball team by a score of 20-7.

Mr. Alec Miller of Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, has been visiting his mother, Mrs. David Miller.

Dr. McCran accompanied by Dr. Cummings of Kemmerer spent a few days at Salt Lake City.

Hanna

J. H. Crawford, Mine Foreman, No. 2 Mine, has returned from a ten days visit to Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, and has resumed work.

Robert Fisher has returned from a two weeks visit at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

The Miranda Minstrels which was presented to the public on May 19th by the Ladies of the Guild of the Episcopal Church was a decided success.

James Case was brought out of the mine on June 3rd suffering from an attack of pleurisy.

R. J. Sholl departed for Reliance on May 31st, to accept a position as Safety Inspector in the Reliance mines. Mrs. Sholl will join him as soon as the household goods are packed and shipped.

Miss Anna Klassen substituted for Jack Lee as pay roll clerk during Jack's absence with the Shrine Band at Los Angeles.

Decoration Day was fittingly observed and the cemeteries at Hanna and Carbon were visited by a large number of people from Hanna and adjacent ranches.

Andy Royce and Miss Doris Hudson surprised their many friends by slipping away to Laramie on Sunday, May 31st, and getting married. They are spending their honeymoon with Andy's parents at Casper.

The Hanna Community Council held its regular monthly meeting at the Mine Office on Tuesday, June 2nd, at which time arrangements were completed in connection with the Boy Scouts summer camp.

Mr. and Mrs. James Finch are rejoicing over the arrival of a nine pound baby girl, born Friday, June 5th.

On Tuesday, June 9th, seventeen Boy Scouts, accompanied by their Scout Master and a cook, departed for Rattle Snake Creek, where they will go into camp for a period of two weeks.

Miss Mary Visignati and Pete Hupa were quietly married on June 6th, and will be at home to their many friends after June 15th.

Hugh Brindley, I. Sherratt, Jack Lee and Dr. Stoddard returned home on June 8th after spending a week with the Shrine Band at Los Angeles.

S. Dickinson and wife and daughter, Tommie, attended the Shriners' Convention at Los Angeles, stopping over at San Francisco on their way home.

Robert Cox is spending a couple of weeks at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

The members of the Catholic Church are quite busy renovating and making other improvements to the church building.

Joseph Woods and family departed for Cheyenne on May 29th where they will make their future home. The Woods family have been residents of Hanna for twenty years and their many friends regret their departure.

Grandma Jones, a Wyoming pioner, and an old time resident of old Carbon, is quite sick at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Gwen Jones.

Thomas Q. Powell was summoned to Pueblo, Colorado, on June 5th on account of the death of his sister, Mrs. John W. Jones, which occurred on June 4th. Mrs. Jones and her husband were for many years residents of the old town of Carbon and her old Carbon friends regret to learn of her death and extend sincere sympathy to the bereaved husband and family.

Mrs. Geo. Wales and children left Hanna the latter part of May to visit Mrs. Wales' mother in Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. John Penny entertained a number of school teachers in their home Tuesday, May 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Taylor motored to Fort Collins, Colorado, May 30th, spending one day in Laramie on their way down.

The Girls Friendly Society met at the home of Alice and Annie Hodgson on Friday, June 5th.

Mrs. John Siltimaki, an old time resident of Carbon, returned to Hanna from an extended visit with her daughter in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jackson, Mrs. Colin Hodgson and daughters, Alice and Annie, were Laramie visitors on May 23rd.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cheesebrough spent Decoration Day in Hanna visiting their daughter, Mrs. John Penny.

A surprise party on Mrs. Florence Williamson was given at the home of Mrs. Joseph Maxson on June 3rd. Mrs. Williamson expects to leave shortly to reside with her son in Rawlins.

Tono

Miss Florence Nicholson and Mr. John Porich were married recently at Olympia. Mrs. Porich is the daughter of Mrs. A. Richardson of Tono. The entire

community unites in wishing the young people happiness.

Another recent wedding was that of Miss Lucille Way and Mr. Herbert Holland. A miscellaneous shower was given at the home of the bride's mother. The young couple were the recipients of many useful as well as beautiful gifts.

Several Tono couples motored to Centralia Thursday evening to attend a shower for Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sandison. Mr. Sandison's bride has just arrived from Scotland and perfoirce we "maun mak her welcome."

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Brumner are the proud parents of a ten-pound baby girl. The young lady arrived Saturday morning.

Mrs. Jack Hughes of Centralia entertained the Merry Wives club at a luncheon Wednesday.

Mrs. L. D. Baldwin of Tenino has been the house guest of Mrs. Bob Murray.

Two Cleveland coaches have recently made their way to Tono. They belong to John Schuck and C. V. Rankin.

John K. Johnson has purchased a new Overland sedan.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Puckett motored to Portland to attend the Rose Carnival.

Curly Holmes, Bob Murray and Jimmy Corcoran were night fishing at Laurence lake Friday. They got a sucker and two bull-heads and a good nagging when they arrived home.

Miss Hansen of Seattle is the house guest of Mrs. Fred Planetta. Mrs. Planetta and her guest are spending the week at Deep Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. John Monaghan and family spent the week-end at Renton.

Among those home from the different Normal schools are the Misses Mary Hill, Ida Johnson, Myrtle Brierly and Irene Patterson.

Miss Elaine Warren is home from Aquinas Academy in Tacoma.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dahlstrom are home from Copalis Beach where they spent a couple of weks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Mardicott, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Turnbull, and Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Rankin spent the week-end at Copalis Beach.

Miss Jean Murray was the guest of Miss Anna Rossmaier at Grand Mound.

Tono won an easy victory over Fir Tree Camp at baseball Sunday, the score being 18-2. The twilight game with Tenino has been postponed again on account of rain. After several attempts one inning was played, but players and fans alike were forced to abandon the field to seek shelter from the rain.

Mrs. L. D. Baldwin of Tenino recently entertained a number of Tono ladies at a Kensington.

Mrs John Pieroth is visiting her parents in Seattle.

Mr. C. V. Rankin is in Portland on business.

Mr. Charles Friend is still looking at cars with a view to purchasing. "Whiskers" wants a Ford, but Mrs. Friend objects to "rushing the can."

Curt Gonderman and family have moved to Centralia.

Oldest in Continuous Service with the Union Pacific Coal Co.

Forty-five Years with one Company and Never Missed a Payday!

That's the record of W. W. Williams, at present House Inspector for the Union Pacific Coal Co. at Cumberland. Mr. Williams was in Kemmerer yesterday and told of the good time provided the Union Pacific old-timer employes at Rock Springs Saturday. Mr. Williams has not been in the best of health of late, but he continues on the job, a faithful employe of a considerate company. Mr. Williams was accompanied to Kemmerer by Mrs. Williams and their daughter.—From Kemmerer Gazette of June 18.

CONDENSED STATEMENT

OF

The First National Bank, Rock Springs, Wyo.

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

At the close of Business, December 31, 1924

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES		
Loans and Discounts	$ 891,162.19	DEPOSITS		$1,695,012.82
Liberty Bonds	100,000.00	Circulation		100,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds	135,085.00	Capital	$100,000.00	
Bonds, Warrants and Securities	68,885.61	Surplus	75,000.00	
Banking House	169,985.80	Profits	3,683.62	
Furniture and Fixtures	27,788.91			178,683.62
Real Estate Owned	18,936.54			
Cash on hand, due from banks and U. S. Treasury	561,851.39			
	$1,973,696.44			$1,973,696.44

Actual Cash Reserve .....31.3 Per Cent
Stocks and Bonds Reserve .....17.0 Per Cent
Available Reserve .....48.3 Per Cent

The Stores for MEN

As Well as for the Women and Children

We take great pride in the men's lines we handle. Namely,

Dress Shirts
Hosiery
Hats and Caps
Gloves
Underwear
Neckties
Work Shoes
Dress Shoes
Collars
Hose Supporters

UNION MADE WORK CLOTHING

Every source of our organization is drawn on to offer you men those Styles, Quality, Fabrics, Shapes and Patterns that you like to wear. Whenever an improvement can be effected we strive our utmost to attain it, by giving you an assortment of Quality Merchandise to select from at Reasonable Prices.

Our stores manager and help invite you to make the store your headquarters; don't be afraid to come in, you will be accorded a welcome whether you wish to buy or not. We are always pleased to show or give any information we can at any time.

The Union Pacific Coal Co.

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Reliance, Wyo.
Cumberland, Wyo.
Superior, Wyo.
Winton, Wyo.
Hanna, Wyo.

"No one," says **President Coolidge**, "is so poor that he cannot afford to be thrifty. No one is so rich that he does not need to be thrifty." The margin between success and failure, between a respectable place in life and oblivion, is very narrow; it is measured by a single word—**THRIFT**. The one who saves is the one who will win.

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Blue Pine Coffee

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Home Made Candy, Ice Cream
Magazines and Stationery

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Union Pacific Coal Company Stores

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Rock Springs, Wyoming

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ANNUAL

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Saturday August 8th, 1925

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At Springfield, Illinois

September 10, 11 and 12th, 1925

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